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REMEMBER JESUS CHRIST

AND OTHER SERMONS

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REMEMBER JESUS CHRIST

AND OTHER SERMONS

By

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AUTHOR OF "SOUL-TRAPPING," "DEDICATION OF CHILDREN," ETC.

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To

MARION

WHO SOMETIMES REBUKES ME, ALWAYS BELIEVES IN ME, AND NEVER CEASES TO PRAY FOR ME.

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FOREWORD

THE big business of a preacher is preaching. If he specializes as pastor, he must nevertheless be a pastor in the pulpit. His pulpit prayer, his exhortations thinly disguised as announcements, his giving-out of hymns, his sermon—must all bend toward one end, the comfort and instruction of the people. If, as one of the sermons in this volume declares "teaching is the handing over of personality to personality, and the gifting of personality with a new mood," how much more is this true of preaching. When business houses stop sending out traveling salesmen, when realtors subdivide by radio, when automobiles are sold by mail, when Life Insurance is sold without Life Insurance agents, when elections are conducted without campaigns—then, but not until then, will preaching as a method of evangelization, instruction and inspiration be discarded. For that reason the author of this book of sermons hesitates to hand over to the publishers these pages of personality, for he knows that the gestures, the eye-flashes, the mood, the occasional tear, the smile, the silences that were often too full for speech, cannot be printed. He wishes

he could ship himself along with every volume. His prayer even now is that the man may not be wholly concealed in the message, but most of all he prays that the Man Christ Jesus may be revealed to every reader.

J. S.

I
REMEMBER JESUS CHRIST

Remember Jesus Christ.

—II Timothy 2:8.

I

REMEMBER JESUS CHRIST[1]

HUGO GERNSBACK, editor of *Radio News*, proposes a "Radio Utopia." His plan is to erect in this country five super-power broadcasting stations, each with a minimum power of 25,000 to 50,000 kilowatts. He would locate four of these great stations in four corners of the country and one in the center. One he would place in the northern part of Maine, to cover Europe and Africa; the second in the lower part of Florida to cover South America; the third in the northern part of the state of Washington, to cover Asia; the fourth in southern California to cover Australasia; the fifth station would be located somewhere in the center of the United States to be used for general broadcasting for the United States itself.

He would operate all five stations on a single wave length, and tie them up in the usual telephone net.

[1] Annual sermon preached in Denver at the meeting of the Northern Baptist Convention, Sunday morning, June 16, 1929.

A fantastic dream, you say? Not more fantastic than was the radio itself twenty years ago. But what a dream! The station in Maine would lay down a signal that could be heard in Petrograd and Johannesburg; the one in Florida would be listened to in Brazil; the one in Washington would be in constant communication with Tokio and Pekin; the one in Southern California would be heard in Sydney, and—a very significant thing—all of them would be sending out messages in the English language. Only America would be rich enough to project such a scheme. But what an advertisement for America, and what an instrument for the potential peace of the world!

I would like to preach once, just once, under such broadcasting conditions, and I would ask no better text than the text upon which we are to think together for a little while this morning—"Remember Jesus Christ." That is the message the world now needs.

Recently I came upon this cry from the lips of an avowed and hostile agnostic (please remember the sort of a man who said these stirring words), "Jesus Christ, come back! The tones of Thy dear voice have not died away. In spite of false creeds and wizard priests and craft and rant, the heart of our age still turns to You. Touch the sorcery of our time and wake us from the vile enchantment of fear and foolish hate.

Come! Deliver us from the doom of dead things. Bring life from the grave where faith lies bound. Jesus Christ, come back! Bring dreams and let dreams come true. Bring love and make all hearts into one."

The cry of this agnostic is the cry of the hungry heart of the world. Jesus is not likely to be ignored—except by His friends. He never traveled as far as from Denver to Trinidad. He never organized a revolt, or wrote a book, or championed a political party. He was neither an autocrat, a democrat, nor a socialist. He never initiated a reform, or commanded an army, or captained a ship, or governed a commonwealth. His relatives thought He was a fool, and His enemies thought He was a politician. Herod thought He was the ghost of John the Baptist and others thought He was the reincarnation of Elijah. He is the most misunderstood, the most misinterpreted, the most discussed man that ever lived.

The world cannot forget Jesus Christ. He is embedded in the world's history. "It were easier," said Bushnell, "to untwist all the beams of light in the sky and to separate and expunge one of the primary colors, than to get the character of Jesus, which is the true gospel, out of the world." Renan, denied the privileges of his professorship in the University of Paris on account of his infidelity, reluctantly admits that

"All history is incomprehensible without Him. He created the object and fixed the starting point of the future faith of humanity," and adds "whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed." And Disraeli, great Jewish statesman and author, exclaims "Has not Jesus conquered Europe and changed its name to Christendom. All countries that refuse the cross wither, and the time will come, when the vast communities and countless myriads of America and Australia, looking upon Europe as Europe now looks upon Greece, and wondering how so small a space could achieve such great deeds, will find music in the songs of Zion and solace in the parables of Galilee."

History with Christ left out is like an astronomy with the stars omitted, like a geology with the rocks thrown away, like a botany with the flowers forgotten. Neither Gibbon, nor Green, nor Hume, nor Macaulay could write a history with Christ left out. If Herodotus was the father of history Jesus Christ is its theme. "In the beginning was the Word." All history before Bethlehem converges toward Him; all history since Calvary diverges from him. "History," once said Newell Dwight Hillis, "is no mausoleum where dead men lie buried; it is a granary in which are stored the choicest spirits of all ages." It is more. It is a re-summoning of the choicest spirits of all ages for a tardy recognition

at the hands of those who without them can never be made perfect. And at the head of them stands Christ. "He is before all things, and by Him all things hold together." In the sprightly words of the Weymouth translation He it is "Who everywhere fills the universe with Himself" (EPH. 1:23).

The world does not need to be exhorted to remember Jesus Christ. It cannot forget Him while it remembers history. History is His story. The names of historians may be forgotten—Thucydides and Xenophon and Cæser are mere blurs on the horizon of history—but the name that is above every name shines like a sun above the landscapes of the world.

He is everywhere in nature. No man goes through steps of nature up to nature's God unless he comes to God first, and Christ brings God and man together. Every bush is afire with God to the man whose heart is aflame with Christ. Christ is in nature and above it. He is ever filling the physical universe with Himself and asserting His superiority over it.

He is a poor astronomer who fails to locate the Star of Bethlehem; a poor biologist who misses the Life; a poor geologist who overlooks the Rock of Ages; a poor horticulturist who is unfamiliar with the True Vine; a poor philanthropist who is unacquainted with Him who went about doing good; a poor zoölogist who cannot

lead the way to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah; a poor theologian who does not know that Christ is all and in all.

Jesus Christ cannot be forgotten while art remains art. The great pictures are pictures of Christ. The great Artists—Michelangelo and da Vinci and Dürer and Raphael and Rubens and Titian—have gifted Christ with art-immortality and glorified Christ in the world's best paintings. Bare indeed would be the walls of the world's art galleries without "The Annunciation" and "The Transfiguration" and "The Last Supper" and "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Resurrection" and "The Ascension." Oh, da Vinci, it may be, painted an Italian Christ, and Titian a Venetian Christ, and Rembrandt a Dutch Christ, and Rubens a Flemish Christ, and Dürer a German Christ, but they painted Christ. Jesus Christ is remembered in art.

Christ is the keynote of the world's enduring music. Beethoven, so deaf he could not even hear his own music, has ravished the ears of thousands with his symphonies, and makes Christ live in his "Mount of Olives." Bach, sometimes called the founder of German music, has given to the church two hundred sacred cantatas, and in his "Ascension" has rooted Christ more deeply into the world's best music. Bach became blind just before his death, and after his death they dug up his bones and scattered them to

make way for a new road through the church yard. His widow was permitted to die a pauper. Posterity forgot the musician, but it cannot forget the Christ of whom he sang.

Handel discouraged at his attempts to give opera in London, left London for Dublin, and while in Dublin wrote "The Sacred Oratorio" which is known round the world as "The Oratorio of the Messiah." Now, audiences in America and England, rise to their feet when "The Messiah" is sung just as they do for "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King." Handel was a failure as a musician until he linked his name with the name that is above every name. The world cannot forget Jesus Christ until great city choirs stop singing the "Hallelujah Chorus."

The literature that abides is burdened with His name. The common people have a common taste. Modern fiction is like an overflow from the gas works. One feels as if the sewer pipe had broken somewhere when he opens up a page of modern fiction. But living literature is dynamic with the living Christ. He never wrote a book, but sixty thousand books have been written about Him, and His story is told in eight hundred languages and dialects of the world.

My friend, Elmer Ellsworth Helms, brilliant pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Los Angeles, exclaims: "Take out of the

libraries the books inspired by His life and words and works, and you have left dust-covered shelves. Spencer's 'Faerie Queene' is but the Christian Knight of the sixth chapter of Ephesians, Pope's 'Messiah' is but a pen picture of the Prince of Peace. Cowper's 'Task' found its inspiration and imagery in the Bethlehem manger. If He had never died Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' would never have lived. If He had never risen Wordsworth's 'Ode of Immortality' would never have been sung. Without Him, Shakespeare's conception of Ophelia and Desdemona and other women would have been impossible. He who spake as never man spake, His is the voice that speaks in the literature of the world!"

Jesus Christ is remembered in the politics of the world. Kings have been exalted and dethroned, kingdoms established and uprooted, thrones abdicated, philosophies created, theologies initiated, reforms agitated, and the attitude of men toward it all has turned entirely upon their attitude toward Jesus Christ.

And who is the Jesus Christ whom the text admonishes us to remember? That's the question all nations and all peoples have asked for two millennia, and are still asking. China, locked in the conservatism of centuries and rocked in the uncertainties of national adjustments; Japan, shaking off the grave clothes of a backward

civilization and demanding for herself a little more elbow-room in the world; India, wearying of the impotency of her four hundred million gods; Africa, following through her jungles the trail of light blazed by Livingston and Moody and Clark and Dan Crawford; Armenia, starving by thousands upon a hundred hills, and through long years lifting lame hands of prayer against an utter extinction; Israel, for centuries tossed like a ship upon the waves of a world-persecution; Russia, trying to find herself and wading through blood in vain efforts to build a civilization with God left out; Italy gazing with puzzled wonderment at the activities of a dictator who could overnight change a pope into a king; France, grimly receiving indemnification at the hands of her ancient enemy, but taking fresh interest in the things of the spirit; Germany, slowly but surely reëstablishing herself among the forward-looking nations of mankind; Great Britain, swinging pendulum-like between a Conservative and a Labor leadership, but turning the wealth and wisdom of her great empire toward the rehabilitation of civilization; America, knowing in her very soul that moral leadership in a wearied and worried world cannot be maintained without the help and intervention of the crystal Christ—these all unite to-day in such a mighty chorus of interrogation about the character, the career and the finality

of Jesus Christ as has not been produced since the angelic chorus sang its Peace Song beneath the starlit skies of Bethlehem.

And to this interrogation, what is to be our answer? Shall we say as some little preachers in big cities are saying: "Jesus is the spirit of self-sacrifice redeeming us from selfishness." Or shall we say as some soft psychologists are saying: "Jesus was a Palestinian idealist, with the soft touch of a woman, speaking always with the wooing note—often with the cooing note—and ever unwilling to hurt the feelings of anybody." Or shall we say with some half-baked religionists of our day: "Jesus was a tall ethical teacher like Confucius, a sweet harmless soul who taught gentleness and resignation like Buddha, or submission like Mohammed." Or shall we say "Jesus was a good friend to the poor, the sick, the sorrowing, but he has nothing to do with modern business." Or shall we say "Jesus was a mild-eyed fanatic dying for a mistaken cause." Or shall we say "Jesus is the Son of God, the Redeemer of men, the King of willing subjects, the Lord and Master of all believers, the Catholic cosmopolitan of the ages?"

This then is our first response to Paul's exhortation to remember Jesus Christ—the world cannot forget Him. He is embedded in the world's history, regnant in the world's art, vocal

in the world's music, eloquent in the world's literature, vital in the world's politics.

The text is basically an exhortation to the minister—an old minister's admonition to a young preacher. The old man is in prison awaiting release in martyrdom. He greatly desires to see his young friend once more before he dies; but, fearing that may not be granted, he writes him a farewell letter filled with loving admonition and fatherly advice. It has been called "An Old Minister's Swan Song." It might well be called "A Manual of Instruction for the Christian Ministry."

The minister is presented in this single chapter, the second chapter of Second Timothy, in at least eight different pictures, as a son, a soldier, an athlete, a farmer, a workman, an example, a servant, a teacher. In them all he is to remember Jesus Christ.

If the world cannot forget Him, the minister dare not. And the Christ the young man is to remember is the Christ of the old man's gospel—the Christ of the Damascus Road, and Antioch, and Cypress, and Lystra and Derbe, and Macedonia, and Corinth, and Ephesus, and Rome; the Christ superior to storms and shipwreck and poisonous vipers, and wicked men, and world-rulers; the Christ who matches the worldly wisdom of one city with the wisdom of God, and the worldly power of another with the dynamite

of God. The young minister is to remember Him.

And the old minister does not leave the young man in doubt as to his meaning. He would have him to remember three great central facts about Jesus Christ. He would have him to remember His incarnation. Jesus Christ, he says, was "of the seed of David." This shows the reality of His human nature and the royalty of His line. Jesus Christ lived an actual human life and endured actual human suffering. He was like us in that He was tempted in all points like as we are, and unlike us in that He was without sin. He was the son of man, for Mary was His mother; He was the Son of God, for He had no human father. He was made of the seed of David according to the flesh, and instated the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness.

I have no trouble with the doctrine of the incarnation when I think of the character of God. The incarnation was not an incident, or an accident, or an expedient, or a convenience. It was a divinely ordered event toward which God's whole creation moved. "He did not come sooner, because the time was not ready; He did not come later, because the time would be past." But when the fullness of time was come God sent forth His Son, made of a woman. God came to man in creation; He comes with man in the incarnation. He is no longer the God over us, but

the God with us. The Word that in the beginning was God, becomes God in the form of flesh. The Infinite One who inhabits eternity now inhabits humanity. God is with us. Immanuel is His name.

I have no trouble with the incarnation when I think of the character of Christ. He was the express image of the Divine Person. That is to say He was a "perfect image" of His Father. The sort of work He came to do could not be done by just any sort of a man. A supernatural work requires a supernatural Being. Only the God-man could do God's work. He became sin without becoming a sinner. He could not be a Saviour and a sinner at the same time. He was the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. He has been, as Edersheim says, "The mightiest factor in our world's history, alike politically, socially, intellectually and morally. If He be not the Messiah, He has at least done the Messiah's work. If He be not the Messiah, there has at least been none other before or after Him. If He be not the Messiah, the world has not and never can have a Messiah."

I have no trouble with the incarnation when I think of the character of man. Take man at his worst or take him at his best, and there is something wrong with man. As David Harum would put it "there's as much human 'Natur' in some folks as in others, only more." And Jesus Christ

entering human nature has changed it and transfigured it and glorified it. Only an incarnation could work the transformation He has wrought in human life.

Sin is rebellion and transgression and deception and negation and omission and confusion and separation. It trails its slimy path across the highways of the world, and man slips and falls and wallows in it. It makes of Cain a murderer, of Jacob a trickster, of Abraham a liar, of David an adulterer, of Thomas a doubter, of Peter a denier, of Judas a betrayer.

Its flaming lust produces war; and war is the crucifixion of civilization, the prostitution of science, the tragedy of humanity. It withers the fair flowers of modesty and purity and chastity, and turns tranquil domesticity into a hell on earth. It undermines health, turns intellectuality into imbecility, and shuts the door of hope and heaven in a drunkard's face. Sin is separation from God, and only God incarnate can conquer it and bring the sinner home. Unless God comes into human flesh, all flesh slips and falls and rots away. The character of God, the character of Christ and the character of man make a threefold demand for the incarnation. And the aged preacher-prisoner admonishes his son in the gospel to remember the incarnation of Jesus Christ.

But he also reminds him of the death of Jesus

Christ. Remember Jesus Christ of the seed of David raised from the dead. The Christ that clothed Himself in fashion as a man, became obedient unto death, even unto the death of the cross. The incarnation brought dignity to man, but disgrace to Christ. His trial was a "frame up," and the end was inevitable. He was put to death like a common criminal, and on a wooden cross uplifted to the vulgar gaze of men.

The preacher that remembers Jesus Christ cannot forget His death. He may yield to exhortations to "preach Christ," and may convince himself that he is preaching Christ when he is preaching Christ as an ethical teacher, or a spiritual arbiter, or a winsome personality, or a gentle spirit. He does not preach Christ unless he preaches the death of Christ. He must preach Christ on the cross. "God's arm is revealed at the tomb, but His heart is revealed at the cross," and it is the heart of God that reveals the love of God.

And again the old minister admonishes the young preacher to remember the resurrection of Jesus Christ. He is to remember Jesus Christ of the seed of David raised from the dead. The incarnation sets forth the holiness of Christ and saves Bethlehem from indignity, the crucifixion sets forth the love of Christ and saves Calvary from tragedy, the Resurrection sets forth the power of Christ and saves Christianity itself

from futility. If Christ be not risen, preaching is vain, and faith is also vain. We preach a dead Christ but worship a living one.

The winning theme of the first century was "Jesus and the resurrection" and the same theme will win in the twentieth century. A limp and lifeless man on a cross, with spear-wound in side, and thorn-wound in brow, and humanity-wound in heart might well bring upon Himself the contempt of a mocking world; but, if three days later He breaks through the doorway of a fast closed tomb, and is seen alive for forty days, and six weeks later three thousand recruits rally in one day to His invisible leadership, His apparently hopeless cause becomes the hope of his followers and the challenge of the world. Christ lives, and that fact constitutes the glory of Christianity and fulfills the desire of all nations. In remembering Jesus Christ the minister must remember that He is alive for evermore.

If the world cannot, and the minister dare not, the church must not forget Jesus Christ. It is the body of Christ, the bride of Christ, the fullness of Christ, the representative of Christ on earth. Vitalized by the life of Christ, it is the only organization in time that is timeless. All human organizations come to an end, they all stop at the grave—but the church does not stop at the grave—the gates of the grave do not prevail against it. It is eternal for it is dynamited by the

eternal Christ. He fills the church with life, floods it with light, replenishes it with strength, beautifies it with holiness.

Five shrewd but shallow opinions obtain to-day about the church: One man says it is a parasite, feeding upon the foliage of civilization; another that it is purely a business concern with liabilities in this life and assets in the next; another that it is a great Fire Insurance company protecting against an eternal burning; another that it is purely a community-convenience for the women and children through the year and for the man at Easter; and still another that it is just one other Club—to be attended less regularly.

Instead the church is a restraining influence against all that is worst in the community-life; it is the mood-maker along the highways of civilization; it is the custodian of the life of God for sinning man; it is the exponent and exposition of the tender heart of God in life's hard moments; it is the method of God for the extension of the Kingdom of God throughout the earth.

But, in measuring up to that ideal for it, the church must not forget Jesus Christ. No substitutes of services or sermons, of organizations or activities, of creeds or crowds can take the place of the living Christ. He is all in all or not at all. He gives us our choice. He stands at the

door—of the church—and knocks and waits. He is waiting now for the knob to turn on the inside; there is no outside knob.

"O Jesus thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door;
In lowly patience waiting
To cross the threshold o'er,
We bear the name of Christians
His name and sign we bear;
O shame thrice shame upon us
To keep him standing there."

Our text is the church's message for to-day—Remember Jesus Christ. That's the message needed for the home. A prize was offered some time ago by an English magazine for the best definition of "Home." Among a thousand answers submitted five were selected as deserving special mention. These were the five: "Home—a world of strife shut out and a world of love shut in"; home—the place where the great are small and the small great; home—the place where we grumble the most and are treated the best; home—the only place where the faults and failings of humanity are covered with the sweet mantle of charity; home—the father's kingdom, the mother's world, the child's paradise."

But the American home is in danger. It is no longer the child's paradise—it is the child's bewilderment. Divorces, recently, have increased

sixty per cent on the Pacific Coast—that's because so many people from the East come West to get them—and the minister in any large city who refuses to marry divorced persons will have very few weddings and find himself a very lonely minister.

What is the one thing needed to save the American home? A bit more iron in domestic discipline? A finer parental example? A return to a style of dress that adorns, without exposing, the body? A rebuilding of the family altar? A recovery of the family pew? The American home needs more than a rebuilding, or a return, or a recovery; it needs regenerating. It needs to remember Jesus Christ.

Remember Jesus Christ—that's the message for the nation. Mixed impulses characterized colonization in America, and American motives and impulses are still mixed. Three impulses drove the explorers westward—the impulse for gold, the impulse for land, and the impulse for freedom. Three motives swayed the early settlers—the scientific motive, to determine the sphericity of the earth; the covetous motive, to gain great riches; the missionary motive, to establish Christianity in new places of the earth. Three centers were established in America, each suggestive of the impulse and motive that led to its colonization—St. Augustine in 1565, the oldest town in North America, whither the ex-

plorers came in quest of gold, but which produced neither the gold nor the fountain of perpetual youth for which Ponce de Leon searched; Jamestown in 1607, which partly rewarded the Virginia planters in their hunger for land, but which alas became the birthplace of American slavery; Plymouth in 1620, which became the cradle of American education, American freedom and American religion.

America is an idea, a spirit, an adventure. Henry Van Dyke found the spirit of America in ten things—self-reliance, fair play, democracy, energy, wealth, common order, common coöperation, personal development, education, and self-expression in literature. He left out religion, and, so doing, overlooked the contribution of his own Netherlands to American life.

This great American adventure is an adventure in democracy—to find the best way of self-government; an adventure in fraternity—to make ourselves fit for the reception of the representatives of the oppressed nations of the world; an adventure in religion—to perpetuate the principles upon which our republic was founded, and to declare to all the world that America has no intention of attempting to get along without God.

Nations of the past have had great and noble ideals, and for a time seemed likely to attain them.

"All nations have their message from on high
Each the Messiah of some central thought
For the fulfillment and delight of man."

Babylonia, Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome each held aloft temporarily the torch of civilization for the illumination of the world, and then the light went out. Who dares declare that our own American civilization is indestructible and immortal! Let him who so declares explain away the elements of self-termination that even now are relentlessly and restlessly at work within the nation.

The criminal element is costing America $16,000,000,000 and 15,000 lives annually. The world-war cost $1,000,000 an hour; crime costs America $2,000,000 an hour. How long shall we allow one-third of one per cent of the population to endanger the safety and prosperity of the great majority of our law-abiding citizens. We must enforce our laws or confess that our form of government is a failure.

Pledging ourselves to support President Hoover's purpose and program for law enforcement, let each of us, here in Denver, and on going home, do his best by speech and example to decrease anarchy and increase respect for and obedience to the American Constitution. And let us do this, not merely because we are citizens, but because we are Christian citizens, remembering Jesus Christ.

And, finally, the message of the church for the home and nation, is the message for the world. This is the message for America and Africa and Asia and Europe, and for all lands beyond all seas—remember Jesus Christ.

Eventually the whole round world is to be bound with gold chains about the feet of God. Until that time the Christian message must be declared, and the Christian witness borne, and this is our testimony—remember Jesus Christ.

We believe that war is unchristian and must be abolished, but that the day "when the war drums throb no longer and the battle flag is furled" will be hastened not so much by the conversion of implements of warfare into implements of agriculture, but by the enthronement of the Prince of Peace in war-like hearts. And for this our war cry is: "Remember Jesus Christ."

A Christian is a saved man under orders. He may choose to be a Christian; he is chosen to be a missionary. Andrew finds Christ—and immediately finds his brother. The disciples freely received, and freely gave. The Samaritan woman accepts the assuaging of her thirst from the living water Christ drew from an inexhaustible well—and immediately goes up into the town to press its draughts to the lips of others. The thief on the cross is saved and at once tries to

save his comrade. Christ remembered each of them, and each in turn remembered Him.

By their boasted loyalty to one Book and one Lord, Baptists are committed to one ideal—the ideal of presenting one Saviour to the whole round world. And even now the world with longing turns to Him. Even Gandhi in his published Autobiography says: "I have not found Him, but I am seeking after Him. It is an unbroken torture to me that I am still so far from Him." How pathetic, when all the while He is not far from every one of us.

Our missionary representatives on the far flung front shall return to their work from this Convention, and new appointees with winsome freshness will sail away to new fields, with their hearts breaking under a new sense of the world's need, and of Christ's adequacy to meet that need. We others shall go back to our more settled and comfortable communities to keep alive upon the hearth of the church's heart the glow and glory of the missionary ideal. Thus shall the whole Northern Baptist Convention in all its far-reaching activities bring to a forgetting and wayward world the remembrance of Jesus Christ.

And while remembering Him we shall not forget one another. The sprightly and beautiful words of Robert McIntyre will help us to keep

in mind our "Missionaries of the Blood" through all the year.

"Out from the doomed Jerusalem, in days of long ago,
By two and two they sallied forth to lands of sun or snow;
And each slow century since then has seen this loyal clan
Break out to bear the blessed news to all the sons of man. . . .

And still o'er all the earth they fare, where'er a soul has need:
My heart leaps up and calls to them: O Brothers mine! God speed!
What time within the jungle deep ye watch the daylight die,
Or on some lonely Indian steep see dawn flush all the sky. . . .

O Missionaries of the Blood! Ambassadors of God!
Our souls flame in us when we see where ye have fearless trod
At break of day; your dauntless faith our slackened valor shames,
And every eve our joyful prayers are jeweled with your names."

Our hands are joined with your hands in the blessed business of helping Christ to make this world a Christlike world.

II

AUTHORITY IN RELIGION

Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well; for so I am.

—John 13:12.

II

AUTHORITY IN RELIGION[1]

RELIGION, if it means anything, means everything. It is not an accident or an incident or an ecstasy or an emotion. It is not a commercial convenience. It is not an idea or an ideal or an activity or a passivity or an acquiescence or a method. It is life—God's life in a human soul, outflowing and overflowing into every line of human conduct. This and nothing short of this is religion. And when a religionist gets this idea of religion he is more than a religionist—he is a Christian.

Now the value of religion, like the value of truth, turns upon relationships. Truth is like the bricks of a building—the value of each brick depends upon how close it gets to the next brick. Truth itself prefers to lean up against other truth in order to gauge its strength and applicability. Religion to be of most value must be able to define its relationships—relationships

[1] First sermon preached as Pastor of Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, January 1, 1928.

toward God, toward the universe, toward the world of men. When it has so defined itself you have religious beliefs.

Muddy instruction and muddled interpretation will befoul the running stream of clear belief, but an honest accounting for belief clarifies it. We are to consider now the matter of religious beliefs, and to ask ourselves the question: "What is authority in religion?"

Men and women like authority. They like to have somebody tell them what is right or wrong in the realm of fundamentals and in the realm of casuistry. The average congregation likes to be rebuked on Sunday for what it has already made up its mind to do on Monday, but it will not brook rebuke unless it is the rebuke of authority. That is the secret of the success of the most picturesque evangelist of modern times—he speaks with authority. There came to my desk a letter from a woman whose mind was disturbed with a mixture of "isms"—Russellism, Adventism, Pre-millennialism—asking me questions about the inspiration of the Bible, the millennium, the second death, and the first resurrection. I think she must be a Christian—she enclosed stamps for reply. She was seeking for authority.

Now what is final authority in the matter of religious beliefs? There are at least seven opinions about the seat of authority in religion.

I. Views About Authority

(a) *The utilitarian view.*

The Utilitarian idea is the idea that actions are "right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, and wrong as they tend to promote the reverse of happiness." This view of authority is more popular than most of us are willing to confess. Some do right for fear of doing wrong. Many do right for the sake of feeling righteous.

A young woman, richly dressed and riding in a beautiful limousine, stopped at the curb on Fifth Avenue, New York, where stood a poorly clad and hungry lad. Pausing for a moment in her conversation with her vivacious companions she tossed the boy a quarter. His face flushed with anger and resentment, and picking up the piece of money he flung it back into the lap of the astonished young woman with an oath and the amazing remark—"You're not going to save your soul off me!"

Her benevolence was not beneficence; it was simply an action in utility prompted by self-love. She made the blunder of thinking that she could discharge her obligation toward that hungry lad by dismissing it with a quarter. You can never discharge obligations by dismissing them.

A beggar calls at your door, soliciting alms. It is a winter's night. You have just put on your

easy slippers and a comfortable house-coat. He tells you that he wants only a part of the price of a cheap night's lodging, that he has fifteen cents now and wants only a dime more. You hand it to him, shut the door, and go back to your evening ease.

Have you been a brother to a brother-man? No. Have you done right? You have not. You have simply purchased ten cents worth of good feeling for yourself and have imagined, because your deed made you feel good, that it was a good deed. No—if you had really cared about the beggar at your door, you would have gone to a great deal more trouble to help him. You would have taken off your house-coat and put on your overcoat. You would have slipped off your slippers, and put on your street shoes. You would have investigated the worthiness of his appeal, before bestowing your beneficence, and would have followed it up, trying to get him a job. The dime you tossed him went from his hands into the till of the bootlegger; from yours into the till of utility.

Lincoln made this mistake on one occasion when, as a young lawyer, he was riding along a country road with a fellow-attorney and noticed a litter of pigs surrounding their mother and having great difficulty in getting their dinner. He stopped his horse, got out of the buggy, went over to the pigs, put them in the way of happi-

ness and contentment and climbed back into the buggy without a word. His friend said: "Abe, why did you do that? You didn't know the owner of those pigs." And Lincoln replied, "So that I would feel good the rest of the day." Lincoln had simply found the authority for his action in the realm of utility, in the view that an action is "right in proportion as it tends to produce happiness, and wrong as it tends to produce the reverse of happiness." And in that particular case he was more concerned with his own happiness than with the happiness of the pigs.

(b) *The mystical view.*

The mystical idea about authority is the idea that a thing is likely to be wrong if it can be clearly understood. The man who holds this view concludes that, if there is no mystery in a proposed line of action, he is probably on the wrong line. May the day be far distant when the mystical element in religion is abandoned. All honor to a man who refuses to move until the Spirit moves him. The Quaker strain is no stain on Christianity. God multiply the mystics! But the mystical man must constantly guard himself against a supercilious superiority that scorns phlegmatic men. If the latter must cast the notes of authority in drab prose, the mystic must still reckon him a brother, even though he seldom sees visions and but dully responds to the Vox

Coelestis of the mystic's rapture. God still whispers His will with a "still small voice" in the souls of men who remain still long enough to hear Him; only—we must be sure—dead sure—it is the voice of God, before we acknowledge its authority.

(c) *The ecclesiastical view.*

This is the view that a thing is right if the church has favorably pronounced upon it, and wrong if the church frowns upon it. And so one great ecclesiastical organization in quadrennial convention will spend days in debate, deciding whether the question of amusements shall be put in the realm of conscience or left in the realm of ecclesiastical law. And another great ecclesiastical organization will not hesitate to acknowledge the Scriptural authority for a symbolic ordinance, while at the same time maintaining that the church has changed it—and that the church had the right to change it.

A strange thing happened some time ago in London—the dean of Durham occcupied the pulpit of the City Temple. *The Church Times* and *The Guardian* both discussed this unusual procedure, and used such expressions as "a priest, countenancing in any way the schismatic worship of a dissenting body, is intolerable," and "to the believer in apostolic succession the action

was an act of schism—or at least the condoning of schism." The sermon of the good dean in a nonconformist pulpit, and the discussion that followed, was simply reopening the question of authority, and the two Anglican papers had set forth the ecclesiastical view.

(d) *The creedal view.*

The brag of Baptists is that they are the people of a Book, but that is usually an unthoughtful boast. Even those who flaunt the farthest their fidelity to the Book, are not always willing to be classed as literalists. The Bible is not a shibboleth, and Christ is no man's creed.

The creedal view of authority is unsatisfactory, for a creed is an argument, not an organism; it is an analysis of Christianity, not the life of it. And too often the dust of dead hands, settling upon the parchment of a man's creed, becomes as sacred to him as the creed itself. It would perhaps be a good thing for the creedsman to examine his parchment by an open window with a strong breeze blowing, and for the literalist to read his Bible in a large upper room.

(e) *The rationalistic view.*

One man says: "I know what is right—reason tells me. Whatever appeals to reason I accept;

whatever seems reasonably wrong, I reject." And of course he refers to his own reason.

Well, to follow reason is not always supremely safe. Reason originated that memorable reign of terror in France, when the people thought they could abolish God by legal enactment, and when the views of the masses were registered on fence rails in words like these: "There is no God but reason," "Eat, drink and be merry—all there is now"; when women paid high prices for the ghastly privilege of sitting at the foot of the guillotine with their knitting to watch the executioner's knife sever the heads of victims from their bodies and to see the red river of human blood flow at their feet. Solid boat-loads of men and women were tied together and sunk at sea, and the act dubbed a "Republican baptism." That was the age of reason. Is reason final authority? It was not reasonable for Noah to build his ark, or for Abraham to offer Isaac, or for Rahab to secrete the spies, or for the disciples to leave their nets, or for Stephen to die a martyr, or for Paul to suffer stripes, or for Jesus to die on the cross. Faith is always greater than reason.

(f) *Some say that authority is in conscience.*

Whatever your conscience approves is right, whatever conscience condemns is to be avoided. Now wait a minute! Conscience is the discrim-

inating and judging faculty of the soul. But you cannot have a good conscience unless you have a good heart. Conscience is a good guide if it has a good guide. "Conscience only guarantees good intentions." It does not promise soundness of judgment. And too often conscience does its work in a condemnatory rather than in an advisory way. Lord Byron himself had doubts about the trustworthiness of conscience as an authority when he said:

> But at sixteen, the conscience rarely gnaws
> So much, as when we call the old debts in
> At sixty years and draw the accounts of evil,
> And find a deuced balance with the devil.

And yet it is better to be guided by conscience than wilfully to run amuck in the whole realm of ethics and of duty.

(g) *At last we have the seat of authority.*

It is in Jesus Christ. Whoever holds that Jesus Christ is final authority in religion says well, for so He is. In His personality, His deity, His moral fitness, His love, we find the basis of His authority, and we look up reverently into His face as Thomas did on that long-ago day of the post-resurrection period, and say "My Lord and my God!"

II. The Realm of Christ's Authority

(a) *Christ had authority over the forces of nature.*

The laws of nature are the servants of God. When a miracle occurs, it is simply God, the Proprietor of the plantation, taking direct management of affairs above His servants. Christ never performed a miracle just to see the miracle-wheels go round. Always—whenever He performed miracles He did it to set forth either His authority, His holiness, or His love. He would not perform a miracle for a tempter like Satan, or a sign-seeker like Herod, though in one case it would have satisfied for Him a legitimate appetite, and in the other it might have saved His life. His deeds were deeds of beneficence. He went about doing good. The forces of nature were His servants. When He "made the water blush into wine at His presence," when He walked on the sea without sinking, when He blasted the fig tree, when He rebuked the waves and they cringed at His feet like whipped curs, He was not exhibiting His power merely to display it, but that thus He might assert His authority over nature. And in the midst of these miracles one man sank at His feet in self-abasement, exclaiming, "Depart from me, for I am a

sinful man, O Lord," and a woman said in awed confidence to others, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Yes, He was Master and Lord over the forces of nature.

(b) *He had authority over disease.*

His miracles of healing assert and attest this. When He breaks through ceremonial restrictions and puts His hand on a leper, when He touches blind eyes and they open upon the vision of His face, when He touches a tied tongue and straightway it speaks His praise, when He unstops deaf ears and they hear the music of His voice, He was simply saying to affliction and disease: "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am."

The supremacy of His authority is seen in this as in nothing else, namely, that He commands a sick man to do what He knows he cannot do—as a sick man. He tells a sick man to take up his bed and walk, and He knows he cannot do it. He commands a man with a withered hand to stretch forth his hand, and He knew when He commanded it that the man could not stretch forth his withered hand. No withered hand can be stretched forth; only a well hand can. What the man with the withered hand could not do, He did—for He who gives commands gives power. He had authority over disease.

(c) *Authority over death.*

Are the music makers already indulging their Oriental wailing in the house of Jairus at the death of his little daughter? Christ comes, and holding out His hand in invitation, and lifting up His voice in authority, quietly says—"Come, little girl"—and lifts her to life and loveliness and her parents' arms. Is a funeral procession on the way to a little cemetery? He stops it, touches the bier on which rests the dead body of a mother's boy, and hands over to a happy widow the son who was her sole support. Is his Bethany friend dead and buried? He stands with the weeping women at the sepulcher's mouth and, calling with a loud voice the dead man by name, gives him back alive to his sisters. And all of this He did to attest His authority over death. He was saying to death—"Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am."

(d) *Authority over sin.*

He could say to the paralytic not only—"Take up thy bed and walk," but "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Oh, this gives us security and satisfaction. No merely good man could have had this authority. When you need forgiveness, you don't go to any man for it, for every man is sin-mortgaged to the full on his own account. You go to a sinless man. If Jesus Christ was only a good man, it is strange that the twentieth cen-

tury has not produced a better man. With all the advantages of culture and civilization and Christianity, we should have grown by this time men of taller moral stature. In the graduating classes of the year 1929 in Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Brown, there should have been turned out better men than the Nazarene of the first century, the "child of a subject race" —brought up in a peasant's home. If Jesus Christ were only a man and the question of his deity were merely a matter of metaphysics, then there ought to be better men than he right here before me. But are there? Are there? "If Christ was only a man, we are bound to surpass him. If he was more than a man, we are bound to obey him."

(d) *Authority over life.*

Preëminently he is the Lord of Life. Life without Him is death itself, but life with Him is big and beautiful. The man who lives deeply is the man who draws life from the inexhaustible life of Christ. No real Christian can ever be a shallow man, for the golden pipes of his life are connected with the reservoir of the eternal God.

John MacNeil tells of a man who caught an eagle when it was young, brought it up like a domestic fowl and kept it in a hen house. There came a day when the owner of the eagle was obliged to take a journey across the sea to be

gone a long time, and the happy thought came to him that he would set the eagle free. He opened the door of the hen house and brought the great bird out into the back yard, and let it go. The eagle was greatly astonished. It walked about and flapped its wings, and doubtless thought that this was a bigger place than its accustomed narrow run in the little yard attached to the hen house; but it made no attempt to fly away. The man was greatly disappointed and stooping down he picked up the bird and set it on the garden wall.

The eagle turned and looked down at him and wondered what it all meant. Just at that moment the sun, which had been hidden behind a cloud, poured out its glorious beams upon the eagle's head. The eagle lifted his eyes, pulled himself up, lifted one wing and stretched it out, lifted the other wing and stretched it out, and then gave a scream, and soon was but a vanishing speck toward the blue heaven. He had heard the call of life—the call of authority, and his own life responded to it. He could have been content forever with the hen-house life but, given his choice, he chose the life for which he himself was chosen.

III. The Acknowledgment of His Authority

(a) *In confession.*

This is an attitude, not an utterance. No man ever acknowledges Christ as Master and Lord, without first acknowledging himself a sinner. But this acknowledgment means that he takes the attitude of a sinner rather than that he confesses with his mouth his sin. The first beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," is put first, because that is exactly where every sinner begins—poverty-stricken in spirit. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," does not mean that, as difficult as it is for a camel to get down on his knees, and grunt, and edge himself, hump and all, through a small hole in a city's wall, so difficult is it for a rich man to enter through the door of salvation. But this is what it means: it means that it is utterly impossible for a rich man to be saved at all—as a rich man. The only way any man can be saved is as a sinner—poverty-stricken in spirit. He who comes in such an attitude will find the authority of the divine forgiveness awaiting him, and presently he may call Christ Master and Lord.

When William Hershell made his large telescope and discovered in 1781, the planet Uranus,

which is 1,782 million miles from the sun and sixty-six times greater than the earth, he was directed to appear before George III and tell about it. The astronomer came with his telescope and a map of the solar system. So engrossed was he in the study of the heavens that he forgot his own personal delinquencies. It seems that when he was but a mere boy he had deserted from the English army. By an accident the information concerning this was conveyed to the King, and before the astronomer could begin his words of explanation about Uranus, the King remarked: "Before we can discuss science there is a matter of imperative business to be transacted," and he handed the astonished astronomer a paper bearing the royal signature, and pardoning the deserter. The King was exactly right. The King's pardon had to cancel the old sin before the astronomer could be on equal footing with the sovereign and talk about a subject in which they were commonly interested. And we, too, must accept the King's pardon before we can be lifted up into comradeship with him.

(b) *In submission—this is consecration.*

By consecration I mean unswerving loyalty to ideals, and unfaltering application of effort to their outworking. Atalanta, of mythical fame, was the swiftest of runners, and so sure was she of her fleetness that she offered to become the

wife of any one who could outrun her in the race, but she required that the penalty for the defeat of her opponent must be death. Many suitors risked death to win her hand, and many went to death.

The world drops its apples of gold, of pleasure, of beauty, along the race of life and we, stooping to gather them, may lose the race; but if we look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith, and run with patience the race set before us, we shall win the race and, winning it, thus win our own souls.

(c) *In service—this means work.*

One may choose salvation; he is chosen for service. Not to be busy in the kingdom after one enters the kingdom is to be a slacker and an anarchist, setting up the will of a subject against the command of a king. One thing an enlisted soldier cannot do—he cannot choose the fact or the field of his fighting: both are chosen for him. One thing an enlisted soldier under the Captain of our salvation cannot do—he cannot choose to serve. To choose Christ as Saviour is to choose Him as Lord. May He be Lord, to all to whom now He is only lover; King to all to whom He is only friend, and Master to all to whom now He is only Saviour.

III
THE SOCIAL TEACHINGS OF JESUS

Seek ye first the kingdom of God.

—MATTHEW 6:33.

III

THE SOCIAL TEACHINGS OF JESUS

GOD is no respecter of persons, not even of the most respectable. In the millennium there will be no aristocracy on earth, and there is none at present in heaven. Exclusivism must not supplant humanitarianism, or aristocracy destroy fraternity. Frigidity is not conducive to fellowship, for it means isolation. The grip of the hand is linked fraternity. We are not a mob—we are a family.

Loneliness is abnormality. "Social life is the normal life of man." Elijah under the juniper tree is a picture of isolated helplessness unworthy of a modern Christian in a big and busy world. He thought the whole movement of God turned upon him, while at that very moment there were seven thousand other faithful men besides himself. God always has an army of reserves awaiting emergencies. The cogs in the divine machinery interlock and move without a slip. God is never at his wit's end for a man. He always has two men in training for every man's job.

John the Baptist was less than the least in the

kingdom of heaven because, for one reason, he lived in a desert. The thing that makes this world a beautiful world is not that we live in it, but that we live in it with others. When old General Booth of the Salvation Army was asked to cable a slogan for the Salvationists of America, partly from the point of view of economy, but more because he had caught the essential thing in the Social Teachings of Jesus, he cabled one word—"Others!" And wherever the Salvationists beat their drums, or thrummed their tambourines, or preached their messages on street corners they thought and spoke of others.

Frederick Robertson, the London Positivist, once declared that the religion of Christ is a failure, and gave three reasons for his conclusion: (1) Because it appeals to sentiment and emotion alone; (2) because it centers around the salvation of a man's own soul, and is therefore selfish and inhuman; (3) because of its teaching in reference to original sin. Without repeating his discussion and development of these charges we find ourselves pausing at his second statement and asking ourselves this question: "Does the religion of Christ center around the salvation of a man's own soul?" And we answer: if it did it would indeed be selfish and inhuman. The religion of Christ as taught by Christ makes that but half of religion. To love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind and strength is

but half of duty, as it is but half of Christianity. The other half is to love the other man.

We deny that the religion of Christ teaches that we are to love our neighbor in order to earn rewards, to escape penalties, and to win eternal life. Rather than admit we love our fellow-man for selfish reasons, we declare that selfishness and love are mutually exclusive. The brother is loved for Christ's sake, and love for him is only proof of love for Him who made him. The converse of this is true also—it is idle to speak of loving the invisible God, when there is no love for the visible brother. Man at his best state is altogether social. He masters man who serves him, and vindicates his claim to being greatest by being servant of all.

If there was anything that differentiated and characterized the teachings of Jesus more than any other one thing, it was His reversal of the commonly accepted standards of service. The wide world over and the long ages through it had been considered a mark of dignity to be served and a mark of indignity to be serving. But Jesus reversed this. He taught that true dignity consists not so much in having servants as in being one, that he who would be chief of all must be chief servant, that high places in the kingdom of God come to the man who stoops the lowest down and reaches the place of preferment by the path of spiritual fitness.

That Jesus taught the fundamental principle of love for neighbor, and the interdependence and interrelation of neighbors is everywhere exemplified and amplified in the gospels. "Jesus was essentially a social being. He was separate from sinners but not a recluse; a celibate but not an ascetic."

There are two sources of information in regard to the social teachings of Jesus—what He said, and what He did not say. His silence is often as instructive as His speech. For example, Jesus says nothing in specific denunciation of intemperance, gambling, slavery and the white slave trade, yet it is not to be inferred that His social teachings favor these vices, or that we are not faithless to duty if we allow them to flourish unrebuked.

When Jesus took up the work which John laid down He took up also the theme of John's preaching—"the kingdom of heaven is at hand." This was the heraldic introduction to His public ministry, the keynote of His Messianic message. The message of Jesus was jubilant—He looked for a day of deliverance. He preached the acceptable year of the Lord—the year of jubilee when, amid rejoicing, estates and slaves reverted to their original owners. Of course there was the eschatological and apocalyptic note in the teachings of Jesus but this was not the dominant note.

The dominant note of the kingdom of God was liberty and love and happiness.

The kingdom of God is the subjective reign of Christ in the hearts of believing subjects and the objective manifestation of that reign in the earth. In the fine phrase of Dean Shailer Mathews "it is an ideal social order in which the relation of men to God is that of sons and to each other that of brothers." Or in the words of Bruce "it is the reign of divine love exercised by God in his gace over human hearts, believing in his love, and constrained thereby to yield him grateful affection and devoted service." Or as Edersheim puts it "the rule of God which was manifested in and through Christ, is apparent in the church, gradually develops amidst hindrances, is triumphant at the second coming of Christ, and finally perfected in the world to come." Or, according to Stead, "it is the fellowship of souls, divine and human, of which the law and life are love, wherein the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, as both are embodied in Jesus the Christ, are recognized and realized." Beyschlog defines it as "that ideal condition to which mankind and the world's history shall arrive, when God according to his inmost being, as eternal Spirit and sacred love, shall be the all-filling, and the all-conditioning, element in the world." Denny regards the king-

dom of God as "a separate society in the world, in which there is a real union of persons who are conscious that they have what binds them to each other, and separates them from the world; but there is nothing formal or institutional about it."

Jesus himself did not define the kingdom, yet He advised His hearers to seek entrance into it first of all, and He described it in such a way as not to leave us utterly in confusion concerning its law and life. Perhaps Christ's best interpreter, Paul, has given Christ's own definition when he says "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

A common life, common interests, and common activities are the revelation of the kingdom. All the varied forms of action for the triumph of the king—Christian reforms, Christian education, Christian philanthropy—should have as their aim the "bringing of confused society into conformity to the heavenly commonwealth."

In human society Jesus saw complexity and confusion and selfishness. Men hated, lusted, deceived, quarreled, killed; and Christ set himself to the task of bringing about a better social order among men. He called this better social order the kingdom of God.

Inevitably Jesus had something to say about the family. The dictionary definition of a family as "the collective body of persons who live in

one house" will not do for a definition of a Christian family, for a Christian family is a communion resting on an ethical and religious basis, and forming the closest of human relationships. It is a copy of the highest and most perfect union —that of the church with Christ as its head.

The basis of family relations is marriage. Celibacy is abnormality. Bachelors have not recognized the essential social character of man, and bachelor ministers must of necessity preach a one-sided gospel, since they live a one-sided life. Marriage is a divine ordinance. Ministers do not marry couples—they only pronounce them married. God joins them together, and the twain become one at His command.

Jesus regarded marriage as monogamous, and, on its physical side, as enduring only in the present age. That seven-times-married woman will have no embarrassment in the resurrection when she meets her seven husbands, for while she may sustain a spiritual relation to all her former husbands, she will sustain a physical relation to none of them. "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

Divorce is regarded by Jesus as impossible—except as the recognition of an already broken union. "Marriage cannot be broken by statute. As marriage gives rise to an actual union of personalities, it can be broken only by an actual

severance of this union." Jesus does not command divorce in any case—he only parenthetically permits it in one extreme case. He taught that remarriage, on the part of either divorcee, tears to ribbons both the spirit and letter of the seventh commandment, and disallows the marriage union that still exists—until either is guilty of marital infidelity. "And I say unto you, whoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery" (MATTHEW 19:9). These are hard words, but they are not hard to understand. They are the words of Jesus.

Jesus taught that the family life is the most sacred of all relations outside of the relation between God and the individual, and that it must not be violated even in look or thought.

It is sometimes affirmed that celibacy may give greater advantages in promoting Christianity; that in pagan countries, or in home fields that cannot support a family, work could be far better done by unmarried men. Some Protestant ministers rebel against the Protestant opinion that almost demands that a minister shall marry, and triumphantly quote MATTHEW 19:12—"and there be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake"—to substantiate the view that celibacy may often be

the form of life a minister should adopt. But nothing can be found in the teachings of Jesus to prove that "eunuchs" are more holy than other individuals who have sacrified other desires and ambitions for the good of humanity.

Christ gave no directions about the upbringing of children. He has left instruction on that point entirely to young and unmarried ministers. With the adjustment of domestic details he has not specifically concerned himself, yet it is a fair inference from his teachings to say that the aim of the family should be to "attain the highest order of perfected society."

Family worship in the proper sense is a mark of the Christian family, but in many a Christian home the family altar has fallen, and a hasty age is the hasty excuse for such neglect. It is even suspected that some ministers' sons never hear their father pray except in the pulpit, but it is hoped that such cases are rare.

There is no phase of individual, domestic, political, social, or economic life which Christ's great principle of fraternity does not reach. To be sure, his teaching on economic phases of life is to be taken not in the letter but in the principle.

It would seem at first glance that Jesus discriminated harshly against the rich. Hear him say: "Woe to you that are rich"; "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than

for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." A great gulf is fixed between a rich man in Hades and a poor man in Abraham's bosom. The little flock, to the members of which it was the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom, are to sell what they have and give alms to the poor. A young man, who had lived an exemplary life from his youth, can inherit eternal life, only by distributing his earthly inheritance. There was a "poor fund" in the little group of the twelve, and one of the directions given to the seventy when they were sent out was that they should take no money with them.

From all of this the grossest misinterpretations have been drawn and the greatest mistakes made. Wealth has been indiscriminately condemned and men have been led to adopt vows of poverty in the hope of making themselves more acceptable to God. If Jesus teaches that it is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, he certainly does not teach that a poor man has a special right there chiefly because he is poor. Poverty is not normality, and parasitism is no proof of brotherliness. Communism may be purely a commercial expedient, and asceticism a sin.

This surely must have been Christ's principle in regard to wealth: the kingdom of God is to be sought first, and other things will be added—if they are necessary. The chief thing is the chief

good, and this is ever to be the aim and effort of the followers of Jesus. Clement of Alexandria puts this exactly right in his tract on "The Salvation of Rich Men" when he says "Earthly property should be considered in the light of a staff, an instrument for good uses. The struggle for wealth is too often a struggle of selfishness. Wealth is a desirable good only when it is a means to man's highest development."

The rich man in torment opened his eyes at last to the fact that his wealth had not purchased friendship, and he did not even think of his five brothers till it was too late. Jesus did not condemn the rich fool of LUKE 12 because he laid up treasure, but because he laid up treasure for himself and was not rich toward God. Jesus ever taught that men should be content with such things as they have, that life is more than food, and fraternity more than wealth. He saw that to spur a poor man to accumulate wealth might be to urge him to a selfishness as great as that of his rich neighbor, and so He taught that godliness, with contentment without gain, is itself great gain.

Jesus mingled with the rich and the poor alike. He permits the waste of costly ointment if it liberates the perfume of a sinner's love, and He dines with wealthy Zaccheus if only He may cause him to see that one good use to make of wrongly-gotten gain is to restore it four-fold.

The social teachings of Jesus condemn unsparingly the extravagance of the present day, and in this respect the followers of Jesus come under the condemnation. Our Lord is not in straitened circumstances, but He has a hard time getting what belongs to Him from some of His trustees.

Dr. Jowett once said: "The common life of the home is often a mere exhibition of the means of living. We try to persuade ourselves that showy living is essential life. Everywhere we seem to be loitering and pottering about in the implement yard. Even in our universities we must have showy buildings, though we starve the chairs. All this peril becomes the more insidious when we pass into the realm of the church of God. Why the 'means of grace' are often interpreted as grace itself. We are intruding our badges and ribbons, our soldier's dress without the soldier's spirit, our music, our ministers even —how they look, what they wear, what they do —they are all a part of the wretched vulgarity of the modern spirit."

What is needed in this old world to-day more than any other one thing is the dethronement of selfishness, and the enthronement of the principles of liberty and of fraternity in human hearts. The church of God has a task toward the economic and industrial problems of the day,

but its chief task lies in the exhibition of that love for bosses and masses that led Christ to die for both.

Jesus nowhere gives systematic teaching in regard to politics. He himself obeyed the local government under which He lived, but He declined to enter the political field by refusing to be made an earthly king when the possibility of it was within His grasp. He abhorred political agitation, and though charged with it, preferred death to it. He paid taxes, which is sometimes regarded as an evidence of His recognition of political power, but Edersheim shows that this was not so much a tax as a tithe—a religious levy for the support of the temple at Jerusalem.

And yet there can be found in the teachings of Jesus nothing that excuses a Christian man from an interest in every form of human conduct. Politics, it may be, has nothing to do with religion, but religion has this to do with politics: it sends a man to the polls as a Christian and not as a partisan. If politics is a "dirty pool" it is because so many clean men contribute nothing toward the purification of the stream.

Jesus was a social being. He made use of social gatherings to further His mission, and to spread His message. Many a wholesome truth was given at the dining table. His first miracle was performed at a wedding, and the beautiful

incident of the sinful woman, bedewing His feet with her tears and wiping them with her hair, occurred while He was eating at a Pharisee's house. He dined with Zaccheus, ate with publicans and sinners, and those beautiful words recorded in JOHN 14-16 were spoken in the upper room where with great desire Jesus had wished to eat with His disciples. His "Table Talks" have been the themes of many sermons.

A study of the Social Teachings of Jesus will prove but of little worth unless it is followed by an imitation of Jesus' social example. The sin of the priest and of the Levite who passed by their wounded neighbor on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho was the sin of unsociableness. A Christian Socialist from Samaria came where he was, bound up his wounds, set him on his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him—and thereby showed the truer neighborliness.

The sin of the rich man at whose gate Lazarus daily lay was the sin of unsociableness, and after death he suffers unattended while Lazarus is borne by angels' hands to the highest Jewish conception of felicitous fellowship—to Abraham's bosom. The sin of those who, in the judgment of the nations, take their places like goats on the left hand of the king will be the sin of unsociableness—recognizing in no imprisoned, sick or naked neighbor the face of the suffering

Lord, and who must therefore say to them at last: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Philanthropists may give their money for the endowment of hospitals and these monuments of their liberality will return to the dust with the bodies of men and women healed between their walls; but that white-aproned nurse, who, like a white-winged messenger from the throne of God, bends over a sufferer therein, and whispers a spiritual word that saves a soul, is laying up for herself treasure that will draw interest throughout eternity. In the rejoicing of the glad day when the results of spiritual work are known, we shall have happy share, if here we have shared in the labor.

IV
INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead.

—Acts 26:8.

IV

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

THE reality of the spiritual world has been called "the preamble of all religions." It is more than that—it is the platform, the program and the philosophy of true religion.

Materialism at first opposed three things: the theological interpretation of nature, the fact of God's existence, and the immortality of the soul. But materialism is now not quite so confident as it used to be; and the materialist, who now declares that it is unscientific to admit the existence of a soul, confesses that he is fifty years behind the times in his scientific attitude. Pretty soon it is going to be unscientific not to admit the immortality of the soul.

A little lad of three years, whose father I knew well and intimately in my boyhood days, came running in to his mother some time ago and breathlessly asked "Mamma, where does Jesus live?" And his mother made quick answer "Why, dear, he lives right here in your little heart." He was silent a moment, and then placing his hand over his heart called in a loud

tone: "Jesus, Jesus"—but no answer came to his childish cry. And looking up into his mother's face almost in tears he said "Oh mamma, Jesus is dead!"

The little fellow's feelings must have been similar to those of the dispirited disciples and of the woeful women, when their Sun had been blotted out at midday and all their hopes lay buried in a sepulcher in Joseph's garden. One can easily fancy their going from place to place and with heavy hearts saying one to another, "Jesus is dead! Jesus is dead!"

And it was true when they said it. Jesus was dead. Never darker day had shadowed human lives and engloomed a world than that day on which a three hours' darkness came over the whole land and "Jerusalem trembled beneath a cloud whose murky shadows looked like a gathering doom." Jesus was dead. Does death end all? Then, indeed the end had come—the end of life, the end of hope, the end of effort, the end of triumph, the end of a vision of a world kingdom and a reigning king. Jesus is dead!

Let weary women go back to household duties and disappointed men to fishing nets—Jesus is dead! Let broken-hearted Mary say now, as many a grief-stricken mother has since said when light went out of her life with the going of her first-born—"He was not born for this earth—

Jesus is dead!" Let Lazarus and the widow's son and the nobleman's daughter meet and mingle their hot tears on the stone rolled against the tomb of Him who had raised them to life—Jesus is dead! Let Peter now toss upon his unrestful couch, and in his troubled dreams swear he never knew the Galilean—Jesus is dead! Let Pilate wash his hands and lift them to a horrified glance that sees only blood-stains that will never wash away—Jesus is dead! Let faithful John follow him to Golgotha and in the lurid light of the cross pledge a son's part to the desolate mother—Jesus is dead! Let the women bring their spices and Joseph of Arimathea the linen for the lifeless body—Jesus is dead! Let controversy with the Jewish authorities concerning his messiahship cease, they may bury their disputes when they bury him—Jesus is dead! Let the day dream of Christianity be broken by the night that has settled on the hearts of hopeless men—Jesus is dead!

Did I say IS dead? I meant WAS dead, for all that was yesterday—the yesterday before this glorious Easter day. Yesterday all the fondest hopes and brightest aspirations of the little group that clung to Jesus to the last were buried with him in a new-made sepulcher, and failure seals it with his sprinkled blood; to-day he comes forth more than conqueror, as we shall be

through Him that loved us and gave Himself for us.

Yesterday a great stone was rolled against the mouth of the sepulcher and soldiers stand before it; to-day the stone is rolled away and angel watchers take the soldiers' place.

Yesterday Christianity was anointed with spices appropriate only for the dead; to-day it arises and leaves its grave-clothes by themselves to mark the spot where men thought it was securely buried.

Yesterday faithful women were the last to leave the cross; to-day they are the first to visit the tomb but they seek the living among the dead.

Jesus was dead, but he is alive; and that blessed fact is the most vital, the most powerful, the most comforting fact in the world. He is risen—and is alive for evermore.

The fact that Christ now lives makes the life he once lived luminous and veracious. His miracles take on new meaning in the light of this, His last and best miracle. The fact that Christ now lives is the fact upon which we rest our hope of future life. And not because our own hearts need it, but because there are always hearts that lack full orbed faith in the resurrection, we have come on this glad Easter Day to discuss, to declare, and even to argue a bit about the Intimations of Immortality.

There are intimations in science. It may be scientifically ascertained that there is a body no more certainly than that there is a soul. I touch things and my senses at once become witnesses bearing to me the evidence of matter. Nobody save a fool would doubt the existence of his body, and a fool could get along without one just as well anyhow.

All right—we are agreed that man has a body. But man thinks and feels and wills, and science taking account of that has declared that man also has a soul. Well that's something. We can rest upon that for a moment. Man has a soul. Scientists now admit it. Thank you Mr. Scientist —we've always admitted it.

Scientists no longer laugh at studies in the realm of hypnotism and spiritualism, clairvoyance, apparitions, dreams, telepathy and mediumistic phenomena. Instead, these things are being investigated. The names of men like Arthur J. Balfour, Frederick W. H. Myers, Richard H. Hutton, editor of the *Spectator,* S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institute, Prof. Wm. James and Sir Oliver Lodge give respectability and responsibility to studies in such super-sensible realms.

And these eminent men, while not declaring that such studies have brought proof of immortality, do say that they at least prove the reality of a realm above the reach and touch of sense.

That is enough—more than that we did not expect from the scientists.

Science says matter and force cannot be destroyed. Burn a ton of coal and you destroy none of the matter in that coal. It simply changes its form. If a bullet strikes an armor plate, its force is not lost; it is transformed into heat. I would be willing to rest the whole argument for immortality on that. For, if the personality that fires the bullet is greater than the force it liberates, then that personality can no more be destroyed than the matter and force which that personality controls.

Even the doctrine of evolution by its claim and theory is committed to a belief in immortality. It believes in progress and the upward struggle of the race. Its theory ends in anti-climax if the end of man is a "gashed hillside and a black hole in the ground." If somebody says the individual may perish while the race remains, let us remind the evolutionist that science tells us that the years of the human race on this planet are numbered. The sun is losing its heat—the sun is dying. The day will come when the sun will become a ball of ice. And long before that the race of men will have perished from the earth. The scientist cannot tell us one thing in one breath and deny it in another. We will not stand for that. It is a stupendous thought, isn't it—we shall persist when the race has perished.

Psychology now aids and does not hinder a belief in immortality. The subconscious mind of man is the realm in which are born loves and hates, religious enthusiasms, ecstasies of mystics, inspirations of genius, the genesis of our deepest impulses. The fact is that man is a divided being, the larger part of him being submerged in an unseen world. "He is like an iceberg, three-fourths of which lies beneath the surface of the water."

Psychology says we have but scratched the surface of personality and of the achievements of personality, and even physiology lends credence to the persistence of personality. Three times in my life has the bone system of my body been replaced and seven different bodies have clothed themselves about my spirit.

The radio lends credence to unseen reality. It is believed by many that eventually we shall hear every voice that has ever lost itself in the trackless ether of the universe. That some day we shall hear the speech of Lincoln at Gettysburg, and the voice of Daniel Webster at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, and of Wendell Phillips at Faneuil Hall, and of Washington's farewell address to his soldiers and of his second inaugural, and of Patrick Henry's famous utterance "Give me liberty or give me death," and of O'Connell's plea for the freedom of Ireland, and of Luther's defense at Worms,

and of Spurgeon's great sermon on "Songs in the Night," and of Beecher's great deliverance on "Immortality," and of Robertson on "The Loneliness of Christ," and of Chrysostom and of Savonarola and of Robert Hall and of Phillips Brooks.

Think of that, that all these great utterances are even now floating around in the ether above us waiting to be trapped by the radio. I wonder if we shall hear the Apostle Paul's address on Mars Hill, and the Master's Sermon on the Mount, and that last Farewell Address in the Upper Room beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled." We are living in a grand and awful time and the man who does not realize that there are realms above the reach of sense and beyond the compass of sound must be a surface observer of the day in which he lives.

Even geology helps the belief in immortality. Whenever the geologist has dug up a tablet that revealed the habits of the primeval world, it has always flung light on the beliefs of the ancient peoples in a future life.

When the gospel was first preached to the Kaffirs of Africa, they said "We had this word, the name of God, long before the missionaries came; we had God long ago, for a man when dying would often say 'I am going home; I am going up higher.'"

What are intimations in science, in psychology, in physiology and in geology become assurances when we turn to the Bible. The prophets of the elder dispensation—Job and Moses and Isaiah and David—all testify to their belief in immortality. Job says: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me." (JOB 19:25-27.) Hear also David: "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." (PSALMS 17:15.)

The philosophers—Homer, Plato, Seneca, Socrates—groped also toward the truth of immortality. Hear one of their number, Socrates: "It would be wrong for me not to be grieved to die, if I did not think I should go to wise and good deities and dwell with men who have departed from this life, and are better than any who are here."

The great poets—Dante, Milton, Browning, Tennyson and Wordsworth—all sang about the immortal life. One of them, Wordsworth, has written an Ode to Immortality. Hear Tennyson:

"Thou wilt not leave me in the dust
Thou madest man, he knows not why.
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just."

Shakespeare, Goethe and even Byron wrote and sang about the future life. Hear a word from each:

Shakespeare in his last Will and Testament wrote:

"I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour to be made partaker of life everlasting."

And listen to Goethe:

"I could ill spare the happiness of believing in a continuing existence. Indeed I would say with Lorenzo di Medici that they are dead for this life also who hope for no other."

And Byron dying at 36 wrote:

"I feel my immortality o'ersweeps
All pain, all tears, all time, all fears, and peals
Like the eternal thunders of the deep
Into my ears this truth: Thou liv'st forever."

What the prophets, the philosophers and the poets believed and wondered at, Jesus and the

Apostles triumphantly declared. If any man asks how are the dead raised up and with what body do they come, the answer comes promptly from the great apostle to the gentiles: "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body." (I Cor. 15:36-38.)

As Martha stands in wonderment and doubt before the sealed tomb of her brother, Jesus comforts her with this immortal declaration: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." (John 11:25-26.)

The intimations and assurances of immortality warrant us in making certain deductions. The Lord's Day is a deduction from apostolic beliefs in immortality. Think of it—for more than fifteen centuries the Seventh Day was observed in stated worship under explicit command when suddenly the First Day began to be observed without a command and now for nineteen centuries it has been almost universally adopted as the day of formal worship instead of the Seventh Day. That is inexplicable without the resurrection. Since we live this side of Easter, we can

say to the man who tells us to reread the Fourth Commandment that we have read it but that since we have read THE ACTS of the Apostles and the 15th Chapter of I CORINTHIANS, we have come to see that while the Sabbath has not been abrogated it has been superceded. The central theme of Christianity since Christ arose is "Jesus and the Resurrection" and the church that does not meet on the first day of the week to commemorate that glorious event may make high claims for itself but it cannot claim to be a New Testament church.

The church itself is a deduction also from the apostolic belief in the resurrection. New Testament baptism has no meaning if there is no resurrection, for it is an ordinance that illustrates and symbolizes a picturesque belief in the central fact of Christianity. Baptism is a dramatized salvation.

Evangelism likewise has no basis and no incentive if the resurrection of Jesus is a myth. "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." (I COR. 15:17.)

Likewise also missions are an impertinence unless they are the church's marching orders from the lips of her living Lord. It was after Christ had left a despoiled and broken tomb that He said, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."

Hamilton Wright Mabie just before his death wrote an Easter editorial for the *Outlook* and

this is what he wrote in part: "The open door of the empty tomb is a symbol of that escape from sin and death, that present entrance into life eternal, which makes every pure and noble life an assurance of immortality. There are those about us whose lives exhale a sweetness not of this world, and whose spirits have no kinship with death. In them the immortal has subdued the mortal, and they have already entered into the peace and rest that are the fruits of the final victory."

I have seen the sun rise and set in the land of the midnight sun in northern Norway. At midnight it was light enough to read a newspaper, then presently the lingering light faded and was gone—but only for a little time. Almost immediately the northern sky began to glow with the glory of ascending day. Thus it must be when our loved ones leave us; their souls like the midnight sun just dip beneath the horizon and in a moment reappear in ineffable glory on the other side.

V
EZEKIEL'S VISION OF HOPE

Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God.

—EZEKIEL 37:9.

V

EZEKIEL'S VISION OF HOPE

THERE is hope for the man who hopes. A Father's forgiveness awaits a son's return. Lights are always shining for the penitent prodigal in the windows of the Father's house. Adulterous, idolatrous Israel, summoned by flaming prophets to a tardy repentance, is fondly forgiven whenever he turns again in penitence and hope to God. The nation, in Ezekiel's time, was in a bad way, but God's good way is often revealed in the bad ways of men and nations. God is never at His wit's end. He always has a prophet or two to throw into the crisis of a nation's life. And, at this particular time, God had four prophets—Isaiah and Jeremiah in Jerusalem, Daniel in Babylon and Ezekiel among the captives by the River Chebar.

At first flush it seemed that the task of the old prophet was a foolish task—to preach to bones. To preach to deaf men is useless; to preach to dead men, foolish; to preach to dead men's bones, idiotic.

But Ezekiel was undismayed. He took his job

seriously. He was called to a hard field but he was unafraid. There are no easy fields—except a field six feet beneath a field—and Ezekiel could not have been blamed over-much if he had declined the call, for, while his congregation was a big one, it was very dry and very dead.

A valley full of bones always becomes a valley full of hope to a real prophet. Such a prophet was Ezekiel. He belonged to a quartet of giant men who had the vision to see clearly, the voice to denounce plainly, and the vigor to summon to repentance and courage and hope.

Hope is a compound of confidence, concentration and consecration. Ezekiel was no easy optimist but he believed in God and he believed in himself. He was full of confidence.

Mrs. Jean Wierck, of Oakland, California, sent a manuscript "Blue Pearls" to a New York magazine and the blue slip of rejection came back to her. She wrote under the pen-name of Gladys Ethel Olney and never knew until fifteen years later that "Blue Pearls" was epochal—that the blue slip was a clerk's slip put in by mistake and that it should have been sent to another writer. Charles Norris (son of Kathleen) came to Oakland one day when I lived there and accidentally spoke of this incident when Mrs. Wierck was in the audience. She met him at the close and told him that she was the

author of "Blue Pearls." She was at that moment working in a corset shop. Oh! the pathos of life's incompletions. She was famous but didn't know it. She had never learned the secret of optimism.

Nobody ever gives up until he gives up on the inside. Optimism is the settled opinion that everything in our lives is ordered for the highest good. The optimist is always looking for the best in people, in the world, and in himself. He is not a man with defective eyesight and yet he wears glasses. They are bifocal; the upper lens telescopic, the lower microscopic. When he lifts his eyes and looks up, he sees good things afar off. When he drops his eyes, he sees good in things that are near. The optimist does not insist that every event in our lives is good but he does declare that all events work together for good to them that love God.

A pessimist also wears glasses—or rather he wears a glass, for the pessimist has only one eye. It is his left eye and on this the telescopic glass is frequently placed. His glass serves both as a telescope and microscope. Through it he espies danger and disaster from afar. He tells you when the next flood will devastate Florida, when the next frost will destroy the next oranges of California, when Japan will again be rocked by earthquake, when the next war will strike the

world, and when the end of the world will come. The microscopic glass lifted over the left eye occasionally is held there until the pessimist sees amidst the fog of his former predictions the evidence of their imminence and once more reiterates his prophecies. For the pessimist I have only pity—he needs conversion; for the optimist, a brother's open hand and heart. I am an optimist because I am a Christian.

Ezekiel was an optimist but he was not an ostrich. He did not have his head tucked away where it was not working. He saw things as they were and denounced them in words of unflinching boldness. He calls the nation to prompt repentance, warns the people against a bland confidence in a careless security, prophesies the destruction of Jerusalem but consoles the captives with assurances of future deliverance and further blessings.

We need to-day prophets of the Ezekiel type. It would seem as if men in our time must be startled as by an earthquake-shock into serious attention to spiritual matters. Preach soothing ethics or mellifluous morality, and they are charmed; speak to them about personal sin, and they are bored; tell them of evil, and they set you down as medieval.

If Ezekiel were here in the flesh to-day, he would say that the church of God is the method

of God for doing the work of God in establishing the kingdom of God on earth. And, in words that burn and blister, he would denounce the attitude of the average Christian who treats his church as a fraternal club and supports it and takes pride in it and attends it exactly as he attends his other clubs—but less frequently. The old prophet would say the church is the light of the world—its business is to flood the world of moral darkness with the light of God. It is the salt of the earth—that is to say, it is the aseptic of society. It is the only timeless organization existing in time—the gates of the grave do not prevail against it. And no fraternal order can ever become a substitute for the church of the living God.

The true Ezekiel is always definite. He knows the value of concentration. Concentration is not stubbornness; it is the focusing of the forces of personality in the forge of immediateness until the whole being glows in the white heat of exalted idealism. Concentration takes a common weed and makes it over into a rose. It takes the ordinary swamp-fruit of Florida and makes it over into the golden grapefruit of the Golden State. It takes a rail-splitter and makes him over into a president. It takes a little Welsh coal-miner and makes him over into the real King of the British Empire. It takes an ignoramus and develops him into a scholar. It takes a man

whose life is stained and soiled and spoiled with sin and makes him over into a saved son of God.

Ezekiel holds himself to his task. If he had lived in Paul's day, he would have adopted Paul's motto: "This one thing I do." If, as Drummond once said, "it is worth traveling a thousand miles to find a man with an idea," it is worth traveling another thousand miles to find a man who can translate an idea into an achievement. Hope, as I have said, is confidence and concentration and it is one thing more—it is consecration. Hope is not hope against hope. It is not fatalistic helplessness or blind resignation. It is not lazy acquiescence in things as they are but alert readiness in coöperation to make things as they ought to be.

Two ways there are of saying, "Thy will be done." One way is to say it after the blow has fallen when, with bowed and bloody head and broken heart, we say it because there is nothing left but that to say. And that is good, for it hints of a chastened attitude and an unresenting spirit. But a better way is to say "Thy will be done—and I will help Thee get it done in the world. I will not compromise; I will not flinch; I will not be discouraged; I will hold myself hard to my task; I will harness my human weakness to Divine omnipotence and God's will shall be done and I will help God get it done on earth."

Consecration is warm-hearted fealty to ideal and steady application of life to its out-working. God's prophets are specialists in the impossible. Nothing is too hard for God. Ezekiel prophesies unto the wind—that unseen force which is a symbol of the spirit of God. The unseen forces of God are at the disposal of the sons of God.

VI

BABSON'S SIX REASONS WHY BUSINESS MEN DO NOT GO TO CHURCH

A day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

—PSALM 84:10.

VI

BABSON'S SIX REASONS WHY BUSINESS MEN DO NOT GO TO CHURCH[1]

YOU probably have in your home a copy of the Angelus. As a painting it is not famous for its coloring, or for its commemoration of some world-renowned event, or for the striking pose of its central figures. Simple in creation and subdued in tone, it has nevertheless commanded the attention of art-lovers the world over. Millet painted it in 1859 and sold it in 1860 for $160. In 1889 it was bought by the American Art Association for $116,000 and rebought the following year by a patriotic Frenchman for $150,000.

The Angelus presents a simple peasant standing in the field with his wife by his side. She, with a blue apron over her short skirt, and with cap upon her head, is standing with clasped hands, looking up with an exalted expression of devotion; he, removing his hat, and holding it in his hand, is bowing his head in an attitude of reverence. It is early evening and the setting sun

[1] This sermon has appeared in the *Homiletic Review* and is used again here by permission.

is lighting up the clouds of the west with rainbow coloring.

Their day's work is about ended. Here is a digging fork stuck in the ground; there a basket of potatoes, and nearby a wheelbarrow. And the light of the setting sun falls upon the woman's clasped hands and the man's bowed head, as they pause in their work to worship.

Why do we instinctively feel like removing our own hats, clasping our hands, and reverently looking upward to say "Our Father which art in heaven" as we look upon this simple picture of simple peasants? Why does Millet's Angelus cast us into a worshipful mood? The answer is not far to seek. In the background of the picture, a church spire, like a human finger, points upward toward God. It is the hour of the evening Angelus. The simple peasants pause in the labor of the descending day to worship. You can almost hear the sounding of the bell. What a picture that is of the instinctive devotion of the human heart, and what a commentary it is on man's greatest need!

"Worship is the movement of the soul toward God." Both the simple peasant in the French field and the sophisticated American business man, who Roger Babson says doesn't go to church, need to keep their ears attuned to catch the sound of the summoning Angelus, calling

them from potato digging and desk digging to thoughts of God and heaven and holiness.

The Psalmist declared that a day in God's courts is better than a thousand days anywhere else. And we also declare that our best days have been our sanctuary days, when in common with worshiping thousands bowed in prayer in a thousand churches there has been for us "a movement of the soul toward God."

Roger Babson in a recent address declared that business men do not go to church and he gave six reasons. I had the honor that day, as one of the Vice-Presidents of the federated churches in the city in which he spoke, of sitting next to Mr. Babson at the speaker's table. Asking him a question at the close of the hour about one of his points, he graciously handed to me the penciled notes of his address. I now propose to report these points, and with you to look each of them squarely in the face.

Before doing that, however, let me admit the truth of Babson's charge—namely that the Protestant men of America do not, for the most part, attend our Protestant churches. Some one has estimated that there are ten million men in this country not in any church—three times as many as made up the population of the first thirteen States when independence was declared. In New York City, so it is declared, there are enough Southern Baptists unidentified with any

church to form sixteen Baptist churches with four hundred members each. In Cleveland there are enough unidentified "trunk Christians" to double the membership of the Protestant churches. In San Franciso there are more Protestant Christian men outside than inside the Protestant churches. There are 100,000 Protestant church members in Los Angeles unidentified with any Protestant church. And Roger Babson says there are six reasons for all this—six reasons why business men do not go to church.

1. Babson says the business man is not interested in theology. Moreover, he doubts if the minister himself is interested in theology.

Of course the business man ought to know that theology is the greatest of all sciences, for it is the science about God. What the blue print is to the building; what the skeleton is to the body; what the framework is to the monument, theology is to the truth. Probably Babson's business man means that he is not interested in theological disputations on minor matters, or in quibbling casuistries, or in hair-splitting unessentials. Well, does he not know that there are thousands of ministers no more interested in these things than himself, and that he can find such ministers right in his own city? Why does he not worship with one of them? What business man is there who does not want to hear his minister declare his deepest beliefs about God, and Christ, and

the Bible, and the Atonement for Sin, and the Immortality of the Soul, and Faith, and Regeneration, and Sanctification, and how Religion can be made practical and effective in the common life of our day? But the business man ought to know (though probably he doesn't know) that all this means theology.

2. Babson's business man stays away from church because he doesn't want other business men to attempt to do business with him on Sunday. He insists that it is impossible for him to attend the church which his family attends without meeting men who try to interest him in business ventures and opportunities with which his mind has been engaged and irritated all through the week. He declares that he goes to church for other reasons than business reasons.

I think the business man has been "spoofing" Roger at this point. I'm afraid he has drawn an exaggerated generality from an isolated experience. Let this business man give other business men the credit for possessing ideals as high as his own. They, too, are weary when Sunday comes of the grind of the week, and are quite willing to forget business until Monday.

Moreover, it is not difficult for this business man during the week to get rid of an agent who tries to interest him in business ventures against his better judgment. Let him use the same sort of suavity and geniality and tact and sense on Sun-

day. It would be an easy matter for this high-minded business man quietly to say: "My friend, I come to church to worship God, drop in at my office to-morrow and we will discuss business matters." Thus would he be rebuking a materialistic spirit, commending his own sanity and spirituality, and strengthening his minister's hand. But he will have to give me a better reason than this why he does not go to church.

3. Business men, according to Babson, don't go to church, because they don't get what they go for. He explained this by saying that there is no vital and lively connection between the minister's subjects and his sermons. The business man, so says Babson, cannot tell when he goes to church whether he is to hear an essay on "Browning" or a psychological discussion of "The Subliminal Self," or an argument about "Henry Ford's Attitude Toward the Jew," or a theological disputation on "The Menace of Modernism," or a gospel sermon on some Biblical theme.

I wonder where those business men live! I have not at hand a *Boston Transcript* from Babson's own town, but I do have a recent issue of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, and another of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and another of the *Los Angeles Times*, and in just these three Saturday issues of three papers in three great cities appear such sermon subjects as: "The Shadow of the

Almighty," "A Revival of Religion," "The Ascension of Christ," "The Larger Life," "The Blessed Comradeship," "The Fullness of God," "The Progress of Christian Unity," "The Perils of Prosperity," "Strength as the Days," "Faith That Makes Us Faithful," "Office Holders in Christ's Kingdom," "The Bible and the Nations." I submit that the tired business man who really wants a gospel message can get it in any city in America.

4. Babson's man doesn't go to church because he dislikes to be called a hypocrite. He doesn't wish to be stirred. He wishes to remain comfortable. In other words, I suppose, he prefers a mollifying message. He doesn't want the minister to wake up his conscience. He resents any sermon that dislodges his complacency.

Christ called men hypocrites, and His representatives in modern times, if they are fulfilling their commission, will not speak soft words. More than that, a really red-blooded business man prefers a red-blooded preacher, who rebukes him on Sunday for what he already made up his mind to do on Monday.

5. Business men, says Babson, do not go to church because the good among them feel they do not need to attend, and the bad are ashamed to. Babson is a good statistician, but a poor psychologist. He evidently forgets that, if a man is really good, he naturally will be the last man to

admit it, that the nearer he gets to the ideal, the farther away he will feel himself to be. Like the great Apostle, he will not account himself to have attained, but he presses on. The good man will always seek the company of good people. And the bad man, instead of being ashamed of his badness, justifies it. A really bad man is defiant and unashamed. He may stay away from church because of deep disinterest, but never to hide his face.

6. Babson's sixth reason why business men stay away from church, is, he states, because of the impression that the church is allied with the Employers' group. This sixth reason moves from the constituency of business men to the realm of Labor. In effect it charges that the church has sold out to big business. If that is really the case, it would account for the absence of laboring men, and for the presence of business men.

But the fact is that there is a growing appreciation of the church on the part of Labor. A leading address made not long ago at a convention by a Labor leader had in it this confession: "After the minimum-wage law has been passed, after the Child-Labor laws have been enacted, there remain the souls of the people." That was a tremendous admission that, though the laws of men are written in statutes, the laws of God must be written in the heart. And what is that but the

message which the church has been delivering through the centuries?

Babson has not dug deeply enough. Let me now give my six reasons, without arguing them, why the business man does not go to church:

1. Because he lacks the moral courage to set himself to the lifting of the lowered moral tone of his day.
2. Because the extravagances of the present age require him to give his major time and thought to money-making.
3. Because he places sensuous (I do not say "sensual") pleasures above spiritual privileges.
4. Because he has never seriously given the church its proper rating as a vital factor in civilization.
5. Because he undervalues his influence over his neighbor.
6. Because he has lost the sense of God.

The only organization on earth engaged in an eternal mission is the church of Christ. A man may find a mode of life elsewhere; here he finds life. The church has life to offer—it is the life of Christ. The business man wants light on life's duties—the church can give it. The church has a three-fold mission—evangelization, consolation, indoctrination. He seeks love; the church offers it. Love expressed in comradeship, in sympathy, in practical helpfulness.

You have read Theodore Roosevelt's nine reasons for going to church. Have you ever read Hon. Claude Weaver's eight reasons? Here they are:

1. I go to church because I find peace there.
2. Because I love music.
3. Because I delight to hear the teachings of the preacher.
4. Because "the way is dark and I am far from Home."
5. Because the church ministers not only to the spiritual but to the material needs of life.
6. Because in the atmosphere of the church vice and crime die.
7. Because I hear the teachings of the philosophy of Jesus, the incomparable Man.
8. Because I find there consolation and hope.

There is danger that the religious faculty may become atrophied. Man is a worshiping animal, and he goes to church not primarily for the music, or for the sermon, or for the prayer, or to present his offering, but to worship God. Darwin lost all interest in poetry and music after applying his mind to scientific subjects so long, and regretted it as he went on toward life's late afternoon.

I stood in Bergen, Norway, in the summer of

1923, and going through the museum there, I suddenly came upon the violin, music-rack, and baton of Ole Bull. My attention was immediately attracted to the little plate upon the case that held the instrument of the great musician. On the plate were these words: "Presented to Ole Bull as a slight token of the respect, the admiration and the affection of his California friends. San Franciso, March 4, 1870." I have thought many times since then of those instruments, especially of that violin, and of Ole Bull himself, and of his friend, Erickson, the inventor of the *Monitor*, which turned the tide of victory for the Northern forces in the Civil War.

Erickson, giving himself to his inventions, lost his taste and ear for music. Ole Bull went to see him one day at his shop, hoping to win his interest once again to music. He asked Erickson's advice about a certain piece of wood that he wanted to put into his violin. Of course he had to relax the strings of his violin in order that Erickson might make the experiment with the piece of wood. When it was completed Ole Bull tightened up the strings and then tried it out to see if the sound was in any way impaired after the repairing of the instrument. Then, putting his very soul into it, he kept on playing right there in Erickson's shop; after a bit, lifting up his eyes, he saw tears running down the face of his friend like pebbles turning over in the bed

of a mountain brook. Erickson said to Ole Bull, "I knew something had gone out of my life, but I never knew before what it was."

Oh, American business man, that something which has gone out of your life is the sense of God. It will come back, if you will come back to God.

VII
THE MOTHERS OF MEN

Honor . . . thy mother.

—Exodus 20:12.

VII

THE MOTHERS OF MEN

NO MERE woman can ever know to the full the meaning of the love of God for his children. Only a mother can know it, for a mother at the outset is in the place of God toward the offspring committed to her care. She is at once parent, judge, guide, defender, provider, teacher, friend —God, to her child.

F. Wayland Ayer, for forty years Superintendent of a successful Sunday School and with multiplied opportunities of observing the moods and loves of childhood, said to me one day when I was guest in his home: "Give a boy the choice of going to heaven with Jesus, or going to hell with his mother, the boy will go to hell with his mother." I don't know about that. How can anybody know about that? But if that be true then parenthood becomes either a divine or devilish adventure. It is coöperation with God in the perpetuation of the race, and substitution for God in the training of childhood.

Greater love than a mother's love there is none

save the love of God. Have you ever reflected on the mother-quality in the love of God? When Isaiah wanted to exhibit that love at white heat he used these words: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

She may be like the mother of Nero, tyrannical and satanic; or like the mother of Byron, ill-tempered and ugly; or like the mother of whom Maxim Gorky writes in his socialistic novel, giving herself to a mistaken cause, and dying after her beloved son Pavel who, renouncing a great human love, goes to Siberia and to exile; or like the mother of Wesley, who so projected her spirit into the character and career of her illustrious son that she is often spoken of as the "Mother of Methodism"; or like the mother of Jesus, who loved her son with the greatest of human loves, and worshiped him only after the rent tomb and the eleven appearances assured her that he must be divine; or like your own sweet mother, who one time taught your childish lips to lisp the name of Jesus, and directed your toddling steps toward the gates of the sanctuary. But wherever there is a genuine mother, there is a heart that beats in tune and time to the rhythm of the love of God.

It takes the mother-love to know the Father-love. The snows of many winters may have killed the green above your mother's grave, but frost and snow and storm and sin can never de-

stroy the freshness of the love of her who went down "into the mysterious land of motherhood," and journeyed back with you hugged against her heart.

A woman in Pennsylvania, where I once lived, declared to me that she would just as soon kiss a pug dog as a baby. I always kept my dog in when she came around. If she had lived to give birth to twenty children, she would never have been a mother in the finest sense. President Roosevelt addressing the Mothers' Congress in Washington said: "The mother is the one supreme asset of national life." She is more—she is the world-asset of the world of men.

Shakespeare's mother could never have produced Hamlet, but she could produce Shakespeare. Browning's mother could not have written "The Ring and the Book," but she gave Robert Browning to the world. The mother of the author of "In Memoriam" could never have limned the mysteries of sorrow, suffering and death that sweep before the reader of that matchless poem, but she could risk the mysteries of suffering and death that Alfred Tennyson might be born. The mother of Moses could never have led two million Israelites out of the bondage and darkness of Egypt, but she could suffer in darkness that such a son of light might be born, and that by love's sweet craftiness she might be appointed nurse to her own son until such a time

as he should become a permanent member of the king's household. The mother of Jesus could never have performed the miracle at Cana of Galilee, but the record tells us that the mother of Jesus was there. The mothers of Chrysostom and Calvin and Luther and Wesley and Spurgeon and Brooks and Beecher could not have told in silvered words the matchless story of the cross, but they could dare the dangers of death for the immortal honor of being forever linked with men whose words and deeds are now the common possession of Christianity.

The little flower that we wear on Mother's Day is suggestive of a mother's attribute. Its color suggests the attribute of purity; its form, beauty; its fragrance, love; its field of growth, charity; its lasting qualities, fidelity. Purity, beauty, love, charity, fidelity—these sum up the attributes of a true mother.

When ought a mother's influence to begin? Exactly where the child's training begins—"forty years before the child is born." This part of a mother's influence cannot be relegated or delegated to other hands than her own. A little boy ran into his mother's arms saying as he sank back on her breast: "Oh mamma, my goodness grows weak, help me to be good." He had learned, as she must learn, that a mother cannot hand over to other people the developing and training of the children of her home.

It is said that woman has invaded every known profession, vocation, art and trade in the world —except two. There are women miners, women policemen, women blacksmiths, women carpenters, women preachers and women soldiers, but there are two things woman is not—yet; she is neither a military officer of any nation's army nor a telegraph lineman. And to tell you the truth, I should greatly prefer not to see my mother shoe a horse or arrest a burglar.

A "confirmed" bachelor fell in love with a brilliant woman and married her. A friend met him some months later, and congratulated him, saying "I understand, old man, that you have married a very talented woman." "Yes," said the newly-made benedict, "my wife is at home in art, at home in music, at home in literature, at home in history, in fact at home everywhere except—." And his friend said: "Except where?" And he said: "At home everywhere except at home!"

I visited my own mother's home in Philadelphia a few years ago when I was summoned to the City of Brotherly Love to attend a great convention. The sessions were long and some times prolonged. But just as she had done for me in boyhood, she waited for me until I came home —late at night. We talked a bit until toward midnight, she kissed me good-night, and I went to bed. I soon fell asleep, and along toward the

early hours of the morning I heard a step in my room. I thought at first of burglars and I lay perfectly still for a moment, and then I felt a touch at the foot of the bed. Mother had come to tuck her six-foot, forty-year-old boy in bed —and then I learned anew the meaning of a mother's habits, a mother's influence, a mother's love!

A mother's reward comes with the sense of feeling that she is a co-laborer with God in the propagation of the race. The success and advancement of the man she brings into the world is her sufficient satisfaction. His sin is her greatest shame, and his suffering is keenest in her own soul. The little attentions we give her while we have her are never little in her sight. She only asks that she may be worthy of hearing the "well done" of Him, who, seated on His throne, and weighing well the sphere and service of every one, counts motherhood a mission.

The widow of Joaquin Miller was a personal friend of mine. Often I have driven over the sky-line boulevard that skirts Oakland to her cabin-home amid the towering eucalyptus trees, planted by the hand of her illustrious husband, "The Poet of the Sierras." Frequently she has recited for me some of the poetry she had written at his dictation while he was reclining on what proved to be his deathbed. My favorite poem of this picturesque poet ought to be com-

mitted to memory by every son of every mother. Here it is:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen,
Nay, not with the eloquent words and thoughts,
From the lips of eloquent men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
Of woman that could not yield,
But silently, bravely, bore her part,—
Lo, here was the battlefield.

No marshalling hosts, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave,
But ah! these battles, they take so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

But silent still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town,
Fights on and on in these silent wars,
Then silent unseen goes down.

O ye, with cannon and battle shot,
And soldiers to laud and praise,
I tell you the kingliest battles e'er fought,
Were fought in these silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With a splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born."

VIII
OUR FLAG

Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee.

—Psalm 60:4.

VIII

OUR FLAG

OVER the triple doorway of the Cathedral at Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreaths of roses and underneath is the legend, "All that pleases is but for a moment." Over the other a Cross and these are the words, "All that troubles is but for a moment." Underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

There was time in the first flush of War's first days when young soldiers went forth, impetuous and eager to the fight, and wrote all over their unstained accouterment flashing in the sun, "We are pleased at the prospect of battle." It was not long before they wrote above their suffering hospital cots or couches improvised on the fields of carnage this legend, "The Cross of battle troubles us for the moment." But now, bearing the scars memory has left of comrades who on battlefield, or ship, or in hospital, gave their lives for our country's cause and knowing full

well that for them there will sound all too soon the last reveille that summons all soldiers to rise at the breaking of the last day, those veterans would do well to carve over the central entrance of the tent of life this inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

One thing with which I have been impressed in my reading and study recently is that "the boys in blue" of '61-'65 were literally boys. Of the 2,320,272 who enlisted in the North, 2,160,588 were under 21 years of age; one million were between 18 and 21; 300,000 were only 18 years old; 600,000 were under 17; 100,000 were between 14 and 15; 300 were only 13; 225 were only 12; 38 were only 11, and 25 were only 10 at the time of their enlistment. What an awful toll of boyhood and young manhood the Nation had to collect to preserve and perpetuate the principles which are dear to every American heart.

Youthfulness seemed to be the characteristic of the defenders of the Union in the Civil War; and cosmopolitanism was the characteristic of the American soldiery in the World War. The American Roll of Honor recording the names of those who gave their "last full measure of devotion" on the fields of France include such names as Abboni, Anikewitch, Antozak, Baillargeon, Bartosiewicz, Billszka, and so on down through

the alphabet to Zitowieki, Zlotcha and Zajackowski.

There never was an army in history made up of so diverse elements as the American Expeditionary Force that went over to the aid of the allies. Sixty-six nationalities were represented in our Army. Some of the soldiers didn't even recognize their own names—especially when they were pronounced by some of the sergeants at Roll Call. It is reported that a sergeant in an Eastern Camp sneezed in calling the Roll and six men answered "here." In a hospital over there five wounded American soldiers were lying on cots side by side. One was an Italian, one a Greek, one a Russian, one an Irishman named O'Brien, and one an Indian from North Dakota —but they were all Americans.

"A man does not have to be born in this country to be an American as that is a matter of spirit within the man." This is a truism, however, that is apt to be overlooked. Many people believe that American History began with the Battle of Bunker Hill; but the fact is, it began away back of that in the essential elements of the American idea that found hospitality and a home in the breasts of our brave ancestors before they ever pointed their ships' prows toward this Western Continent. The Declaration of Independence did not create the American Republic; it simply concreted the elemental American idea.

That America's light will go out and American civilization go down in death and decay is a foregone conclusion unless we fan in the breast of young America the embers of patriotism till they glow golden in the white heat of American idealism, and till love for the old flag becomes the burning passion of the American soul.

Shakespeare says, "The man that hath no music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils." If the sight of our flag does not start the music of patriotic devotion in the harp of your heart, then your heart is made of stone. If the thought of its symbolism doesn't strengthen your loyalty to the land over which it floats, you must be a Bolshevist. If the blood does not course a little quicker in your veins as you see that banner float to the rhythmic tread of Veterans marching to military music, you are an unworthy American.

In the broadest, most cosmopolitan sense, this is OUR flag. It doesn't belong to any church. It isn't the property of any denomination. It isn't owned by Los Angeles. Not to the rich or to the poor; not to the black or white, not to the high or low, not to any community or party, not to the North or South, not the East or West, does this flag belong. It belongs to every man, woman, and child in the United States. Is it too much to say that every man, woman, and child ought to belong to it?

Our flag is more of a growth than a creation. The earliest mention of the "Stars and Stripes" as Washington's Coat of Arms was by Lawrence Washington of Northampton, England, in 1532. In 1540 he placed it on the porch of his Manor House, and the Stars and Stripes appear on the tomb of his wife (1534). When Sir John Washington (great-grandfather of the Father of our country) came to New York in 1567, the family shield came with him. It is held by some that the American flag was derived from the flag of the Netherlands adopted as early as 1592. The stripes on this flag were at first orange, white, and blue. Then, in 1650, a red stripe was substituted for the orange. A flag was hoisted by General Washington January 2, 1776, at his headquarters at Cambridge, Mass., the King's colors blending with the alternating red and white stripes showing that "although the Colonists united for defense against England's tyranny, they still acknowledged her sovereignty."

In New England, there was the "Pine Tree" flag. In the South the picture of a coiled rattlesnake appeared on their flag with the motto, "Don't tread on me." The first flag hoisted at Bunker Hill was red. It meant defiance. It was "the colonists' reply to the King's speech." The Connecticut troops, when they assisted in driving the British out of Boston in 1775, bore a crimson flag on one side of which was the motto, "An

appeal to Heaven," and on the other, "Qui transtulit sustinet,"—"He who transplanted sustains us." The first vessel over which the Union flag floated was the *Alfred* commanded by Paul Jones. But to Betsy Ross of Philadelphia, who with one clip of her scissors showed Washington how to make a five-pointed star, is due the honor of making the flag which was adopted by Congress June 17, 1777. It is the prettiest and best flag in all the World.

Not once has our flag led our forces in oppression but more than once it has floated to war for deathless principles. It teaches us unselfishness and self-forgetfulness. It inculcates the principle of devotion to the welfare of others. It represents American manhood, complete, symmetric, chivalric. It doesn't stand for earth-hunger. It doesn't want the earth. It has all it needs. Its starry folds are borne as on eagle's wing above the desire for territorial aggrandizement and it bids other Nations follow in a nobler, national aggressiveness. One star differs from another star in glory, but here is a constellation all glorious with instructive chivalry. Spain saw the patience, courtesy and chivalry of America, immediately following our little skirmish with that nation a few years ago. When the War was over and victory garlanded the brows of our Naval heroes and when Spanish prisoners fell into our arms, how were they treated? Let the cheering of

Spanish crews in New York harbor, as under the protection of the American flag happy captives sailed for Spain, be sufficient answer. Wounded Spaniards testified to the chivalric kindness of American surgeons. Spanish dead received honorable, martial burial and a sum of a million dollars was expended to send home defeated Spanish troops. Shafter would not take the sword of Toral at Santiago as he made a move to surrender it. Cervera's sword was returned to him and we talked about buying him a home and letting him live in this land of the free until he died. Is not this chivalry? In 1776 this flag floated for "Liberty and Independence." In '61 it floated for "Liberty and Union." In 1898 it floated for "Cuba Libre"; and in 1917 it floated for "Liberty and Humanity."

The history of this emblem, symbol of love and light, of truth and hope, of loyalty and justice, means also a higher civilization. One by one the stars have come out in the field of blue and mingled with the constellation already there, until the original number is more than trebled and each new star has meant a new and better state of culture and civilization. "One hundred years under the Stars and Stripes have done more for the world's progress than a thousand years under all former flags combined." It is not only a prophecy of internal growth but also of international influence. Two Presidents of the

United States have won the Nobel Prize and the influence of one of them in the closing days of the Russo-Japanese War brought to a termination that conflict.

It is the only flag in the world in whose folds all classes and nations may find a common shelter. During the half century ending 1802, there came to American shores 250,000 aliens; during the time since then, about 35,000,000 foreigners have found hospitable welcome on these shores. It demands of the foreigner that comes to our shore simply that he assimilate and put himself under our benign influences. "So plastic," says one, "is our political system that with a digestion stronger than an ostrich the American Eagle is able to digest the coarsest foreign material." Only we should think the American Eagle would get the indigestion some day and scream from the top of his voice, "All foreigners are welcome; only we shall see to it that we do not land them on our shores if they have either the germs of disease in their baggage or the germs of anarchy in their hearts." Our flag stands for national hospitality, for the sovereignty of the individual, for equal rights for all, for a purer ballot box, for a square deal.

And our flag stands for Christianity. This is a Christian Nation. Christian men have been at the head of it. Washington kneeling in the snow at Valley Forge; Lincoln slipping over to

Brooklyn that Henry Ward Beecher might pray with him; McKinley pleading for forgiveness for his murderer; Roosevelt acknowledging God in the sanctuary of the church and in the sanctuary of his own heart; Wilson crying unto God for light in the first dark days of the World War; Coolidge joining the church after his election to the presidency; Hoover asking God for strength to enforce the Constitution; these were the founders and saviours of the Nation.

Above all the words that have been handed down to us as historic called forth during our War with Spain, none will be better remembered than those of Captain Phillip of the *Texas*. You may recall Captain Bob Evans' picturesque promise to make Spanish the Court language of hell if he were allowed to take the *Indiana* to Havana. You will remember Sigsbee's quiet remark to "suspend judgment" as the idol of his heart lay in ruins in a hostile harbor. Dewey's fearless deliberateness and calm reliance are clearly epitomized in his quiet command to Gridley, "You may fire, Gridley, when ready." Schley's exultant cry after he had bottled up Cervera's fleet was followed by a victory big enough for them all. Lieut. Commander Wainright's quiet remark as the last of the Spanish ships went down, "The *Maine* is avenged," is pardonable when we remember that he was on the unfortunate ship. But among them all, no words will

be cherished more by Christian hearts than those of Captain Phillip of the *Texas* who after the victory, in the presence of the assembled crew on the quarter-deck, bared his head and said, "I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God the Father Almighty; and I want all officers and men to lift their hats and from their hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

One of the greatest editorials called forth by the World War was that editorial written by the Editor of the *Los Angeles Times* on "Christ's Gray General." A young Los Angeles lad went into one of the temples of worship in France and bent a moment in prayer. He saw another gray figure kneeling there and presently, in the twilight of the dimly lighted sanctuary, made out the features of General Foch and on his sending that back to his relatives in Los Angeles, the *Times* editor wrote that wonderful article which was reprinted all over the world, on "Christ's Gray General."

The eyes of the world are upon America, but America will bear the test. It is a gratifying thing to know that the American soldiers refrained from looting and from vicious and demoralizing practices when the soldiers of every other nation yielded to them at the time of the siege of Pekin. We need to be none the less brave because we are Christian. It must have

been a stroke of inspiration that seized Henry Ward Beecher in Manchester, England, when, during an eloquent speech, someone from his prejudiced audience cried out, "Why don't you Yankees stop this Civil War in thirty days as you said you would do?" Quick as a lightning's flash he answered, "Because we are fighting Americans, not Britishers."

God grant that we may have fought our last War. The Revolutionary War cost $135,193,703 and 30,000 lives. The War of 1812 cost $107,-159,000 and 2,000 lives. The Mexican War, $74,000,000 and 2,000 lives. The Indian Wars and other minor wars cost $1,000,000 and 40,000 lives. The War between the States cost $8,500,-000,000 and 544,000 lives. The Spanish War cost $613,809,238. But the World War according to the statement of Senator McCumber cost $195,000,000,000 and on both sides 7,582,000 lives—eight and a half times as much money as all the Wars of the world since 1776.

Our last war, so far as our engagement in it was concerned, was a righteous war but its cost was great. May it never be followed by another! Seventy years ago Emerson said, "War is on its last legs, and a universal peace is as sure as is the prevalence of civilization over barbarism; of liberal governments over feudal forms." The question with us is only, "How soon?" May we never be called upon again to shed the blood of

nations; but with all possible chivalry, civilization and Christianity help to hasten the day,

> "When the war-drums throb no longer,
> And the battle flags are furled,
> In the parliament of man,
> The federation of the world."

Patriotism means love and enthusiasm for one's own country. American patriotism means loyalty to the prettiest flag in the world. Its red is the symbol of divine love; its white suggests truth and hope; its blue, loyalty, sincerity, and justice. Proper appreciation of it leads to dramatic and patriotic defense of it. Patriotism is one of the interesting studies of the Bible. Esther, Nehemiah, Moses, Solomon, Elijah, Daniel, Jesus—all these were intense patriots and as they joined service to patriotism and so set forth a patriotism that was worth while—so each of us in his own way may be loyal to the flag of his country.

What is there about this flag that causes men to die for it? Let me quote an instance from the war records. The soldier that carried the colors of the 54th regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteers, having been disabled, Wm. H. Carney, a Sergeant of Company G, caught them up and was the first man to plant the Stars and Stripes on Fort Wagner. The ranks were full as they ascended the wall, but he halted when, by the

enemies' fire, he was almost instantly wounded in the head and thigh. He fell upon his knees and raising the flag on the parapet, he crouched on the outer slope near it and remained for more than half an hour until the second brigade arrived and renewed the conflict. During all this time, he kept the colors flying. When the retreat for such as were left became necessary, he followed on his knees, pressing his wounds with one hand and holding up the colors with the other. When he entered the hospital nearly exhausted from loss of blood, his companions, black and white, rising from the straw on which they were lying, cheered him and the colors until they could cheer no longer. "Boys," he replied, "I have but done my duty. The old flag never touched the ground."

Patriotism may mean quiet service in a humble way. Roosevelt says "There are two sorts of greatness in the world—the greatness seen in the man who does what nobody else can do, and the greatness seen in the man who does what everybody else could do but which everybody else will not pay the pains to do." It would seem to me that the home-supporters of wars are as intense patriots as were those who yielded up their blood upon the field of battle.

Patriotism is at its best if not divorced from piety. If an orator is a good man, skilled in speaking, then a patriot is a good man, who loves

his country. Piety is essential to a nation's greatness. They are not incompatible terms. They may meet and kiss each other. How large a place religion has had in the affairs of this land.

Washington praying at Valley Forge; Abraham Lincoln rocked in the cradle of democracy and trained in the university of adversity, asking his neighbors to pray for him on leaving Springfield for the first Inauguration; Garfield saying when his Chief had fallen, "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives"; McKinley praying for his murderer and asking them to sing, "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Lead Kindly Light"; Roosevelt the most practical preacher of practical righteousness who ever occupied the White House;—these all were representatives of the real heart of this Nation.

General Gibson said, "I place the Cross first, and underneath it, the flag," and William McKinley added, "That is not too high for the Cross or too low for the flag."

Grant made a tour around the world. In Sweden he stood by the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus and beheld the blood-stained uniform of the old warrior. In Germany he reverently bowed his head at the tomb of Frederick the Great. In Italy he gazed at the marble busts of the Cæsars. In France he stood by the tomb of Napoleon. In Russia he grasped the hilt of the sword of Peter the Great. In Egypt the pyramids of the Pha-

raohs claimed his attention. But he stood in Jerusalem at the tomb of the lonely Nazarene and as he stood, he said, "Here slept the real warrior."

The personal allegiance of every true soldier to the Captain of our salvation is the pressing necessity of our day. That every old soldier may become a true soldier of the Cross ought to be the prayer of every true Christian. A nation's piety must start with the piety of the individual.

"Let us lift up the slogan from river to sea,
To Americans all let us say
One call, as it throbs o'er the land of the free,
Our country, God's country, for aye!

On prairies, down valleys where great rivers run,
And far where the mountains rise gray,
Ring it on to the lands of the westering sun,
Our country, God's country, for aye!"

IX
INCOMPARABLE IMPORTANCE OF THE TEACHER'S WORK

A workman that needeth not be ashamed.

—II Timothy 2:15.

IX

INCOMPARABLE IMPORTANCE OF THE TEACHER'S WORK

THE work of the teacher is first, last and always work. It is not play, it is not pastime, it is not a mere diversion, it is not a prelude to domesticity; it is work. It is not a side issue—it is the business of life.

The "born" teacher is a called teacher. He always speaks of his vocation—never of his avocation. There is a world of difference between a vocation and an avocation. Your avocation is a calling aside; your vocation is a calling. Your avocation is what you do incidentally; your vocation is your main business. Your avocation is what you do when you don't have to; your vocation is what you have to do.

The work of the teacher is sacrificial work. How so many teachers escape nervous prostration is the wonder of us all. The strength, the patience, the humility, the energy, the tact required of Public School teachers is enough to crush ordinary mortals, and it would—only Public School teachers are not ordinary mortals.

And yet the sacrifice pays. Take the sacrifices out of your work and there is nothing left but a cut flower—possessing lingering fragrance but lacking rooted life.

There can be no real teaching without sacrifice and conscientiousness and enthusiasm and earnestness. One can easily detect the difference between a teacher possessed of enthusiasm and a teacher handicapped with the lack of it. Here are two boys on a seashore train selling fans in summer. One of them is black and the other white. The white boy passes through the train first and as he goes drawls out: "F-a-n-s t-w-e-e-n-t-y f-i-v-e cents apiece," and nobody buys. I wonder why! Presently the black boy opens the door, and in a cheery voice cries out: "Here you are boss, zephyrs from de ocean. Buy 'em before we reach de shore. Only a quarter." And he sells out before he reaches the end of the car! Everybody wants a fan. Each of these boys had the same thing to sell; each of them wished to sell. But only one of them did business, because only one of them was dead in earnest about it. To have something to sell, or to tell, and to sell it or to tell it in such a way as to make boys and girls to want it is the first essential to successful teaching.

I used to be afraid of enthusiasm—until I learned its true meaning. Teachers and preachers alike might learn a valuable lesson in en-

thusiasm from men of business. I sauntered one day into the Stock Exchange of Philadelphia, and watched its members in action. Their coats were off, their faces flushed, their voices excited, their whole manner tense. They hugged each other in delight, they grabbed each other by the shoulders and swung around together in the middle of the floor like monkeys in a tree. They made queer signs at the operators with their fingers, and curled the tape around their necks as women would curl ribbons. They were very much in earnest—about stocks. I could but wish that all the people I knew in other walks of life would exhibit a like earnestness in their vocations.

The work of the teacher—vocational, sacrificial, enthusiastic, is incomparably important. For one reason, it deals with ideas. The teacher's world is the world of ideas, and ideas move the world. Good, wholesome character-making ideas make the civilization of the world. Many manufacturing and mercantile establishments offer prizes and the chance for advancement for ideas submitted by their employees. Ideas are fortunes; blessed is the man who is rich in them. Ideas are wings carrying men to heights of achievement. Ideas are bludgeons beating their own way to success. Ideas, like souls, are immortal. Teachers are transmitters of ideas, and the ideas will sur-

vive long after the teachers themselves are forgotten.

When I went for the first time to be pastor in the City of Camden, New Jersey, thirty-five years ago, I entered a horse-car at the ferry landing, and slowly crept along Broadway to my new church. I distinctly remember that one of the horses had the blind staggers, and in the middle of every block he would pause, stop, and blindly shake his head for several minutes. Recovering his equilibrium, he would proceed cautiously and slowly, until the next attack. But at last I reached my destination. To-day the passenger gets the blind staggers, unless he is fortunate enough to get a seat instead of a strap, while the electric car rushes him down Broadway at a rate of speed that would amaze and stun our grandfathers if they could come back to earth for a single day. The difference is the difference between ideas and a horse with the blind staggers.

The pedagogics of to-day is no more like the pedagogics of thirty-five years ago than an electric car is like an old horse. To live in the present age hot with molten ideas—what an opportunity, and what a challenge!

I can never forget the influence of my old school teacher in the State of Delaware. He was a good man, and a young man. His predecessor was the opposite—he was old and bad. This lat-

ter lost his temper when things went awry (I mean found his temper and lost his patience), and would pour out the vials of his wrath on our poor heads, lock us in the building after school while he went home to dinner, and then come back to stay with us until dark. I, of course, was never guilty of conduct deserving such punishment, but frequently I would be locked up with the other boys—for company. And he would thrash me occasionally, either to keep his hand in, or because he thought I needed it to do my best work. Not a pupil in that school respected him. He was not even an example in cleanliness. It is a fact that miniature ships could be floated in the tobacco juice he squirted in the corner by the rostrum. And yet he exerted an influence—I can somehow feel the tingling force of that influence now as memory goes back to those old schooldays.

The new man came, and we thought we would have fun, because he was a young man—but a trifle older than some of us—and yet he disarmed us all, turned our weapons in upon ourselves, and made us love him. On the very first morning, he could not have surprised us more if he had thrown the oak ruler at our heads than he did when after reading the Scripture, he looked out over the room and quietly said: "Let us pray." At recess he played baseball with us; in the schoolroom he expected work—and he got

it. To him, my old public school teacher, I owe more than I can ever, or he can ever, know. He was an example to me in all that was mentally vigorous and morally noble. And after he became a lawyer in the city of Philadelphia, and I had become a preacher, he remained, to the day of his death, my friend. He has influenced the habits, and shaped the success, of my ministry. Thus do we all influence the lives of those whom we meet and touch in the rough highways of life.

> "We live in deeds not years; in thoughts not breaths,
> In feelings not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives,
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

I congratulate you, teachers of Los Angeles, that you are engaged in character-forming work. Dr. Theodore Cuyler once said: "What a young man earns in the daytime goes into his pocket; what he spends at night goes into his character." Paraphrasing his thought, and putting it differently, let me say: "What you teach day by day goes into character if it goes into the mind." Actions are the exegesis of thoughts. To inculcate in the mind of malleable youth the fact that knowledge is power—when the power is on—and that wisdom is the principal thing is the hardest, and the noblest task in which human energies may engage.

It ought always to be our ideal to make a lasting impression on the lives of those with whom we come in daily contact. The power of an ideal can never be measured or estimated. A man must always want to do more than he is able to do. We can never exceed the oughtness of duty. If to-day we do four times as much as yesterday, we have done to-day only our plain duty. And yet the ideal for to-morrow has much to do with to-day's success. May the ideal of every teacher be the ideal to build into the life of every pupil the foundation of permanent character. Let her care less about the reputation at the end of the month than about the character at the end of the year. For character, in both teacher and scholar, is as much more abiding than reputation as is a giant redwood than a fragile rose.

We have no right to die as soon as we do. And we will not, if while we live, we live intensely, wisely, nobly. The man who dies on the day of his funeral was dead a long time before. It is our duty to project ourselves into the decades that lie beyond our death-day. When Rufus Choate sailed away to that old-world land in which he died, a friend said: "You will be here a year hence." And the great lawyer answered: "Sir, I shall be here a hundred years hence, and a thousand years hence."

The teacher who expects to be here a thousand years hence may have to recast her conception of

teaching. If she thinks that teaching is telling, or pouring something out of a full mind into an empty one, or stretching the mind's powers until it shall become elastic enough to take in a universe, or covering so many assignments in a text-book, or developing a fascination for mathematics or history or science, or heating the memory of youth until it draws and holds everything it touches, or stirring the mind to scholastic achievement—if a teacher thinks that any of this or all of this is teaching, she will not only not be here a thousand years, she is not here now.

Teaching is more than all of this. Teaching is the handing over of personality to personality, and the gifting of that personality with a new mood. The teacher that has that conception of teaching may be said to have a vocation. All others are merely toying with an avocation.

I congratulate you that you have so much to do, and that the work is hard. The happiest man in the world is the busiest man. He who can find nothing to do will soon be doing worse than nothing. Work is the normal condition for man; indolence is abnormality. Laziness is a twin-sister of filth and crime and sin, and work is their antidote. The greatest help to health, the inexorable law of success, the preventative against crime, the shield for temptation, the key to happiness, the secret of contentment, the path to wealth, the cure for mendicancy, the substi-

tute for misdirected beneficence, the demand of God and the boon of man is work. The teacher's work is work—blessed work.

Permit me now, in the most simple and practical way, to outline the teacher's three-fold qualification for this incomparable work. I am not now referring to the physical, intellectual and moral equipment, essential for even the initiation of the teacher's work, but to those human qualities that differentiate the vocational from the avocational teacher. Patience, tactfulness, cheerfulness are the trinity that characterize the successful teacher.

Be patient with yourself. Oh! what patience is necessary for the consummation of life's ideals. "As the oyster turns to pearl the sand that annoys it, so true manhood turns into helps its disappointments." Happy the man who puts not too low an estimate upon himself. If he thinks he is the worst man in the world there can always be found other men who will take him at his own estimate. The worst man in the world has never yet been found. Be patient with yourself.

And be patient with other people. Remember the sprightly advice of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

> "Don't look for flaws as you go through life,
> And even when you find them,
> It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
> And look for the virtue behind them.

For the cloudiest night has a hint of the light,
Somewhere in its shadow hiding;
It is better far to look for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs every way,
To the bosom of God's great ocean,
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course,
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe;
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it fly o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whim to the letter:
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle,
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
As the water shapes into the vessel."

Happy the patient man or woman in this life. Patience is a kingly characteristic. It is that virtue which our Lord Himself was obliged to practice at the threshold of his ministry for the world. He came to this earth to save it, and to receive the kingdoms of it. All these kingdoms and the glory of them were offered by the tempter, in a moment of time if He would but fall down and worship him. And what the Son of Man came for, and could have had at once, He has waited patiently for even unto this day. Pa-

tience is not a flashing meteor of the evening sky, but a humble plodder of the earth. She stumbles oft, and sometimes falls, but carries within herself the force for rising, and ever realizes that "the greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."

Be tactful. Tact is fine perception, ready wit, the power of appreciating and doing the right thing under any circumstances. It is difficult to define and harder to find. The schoolboy's definition of salt may help us to understand the meaning of tact. "Salt," he says, "is that stuff which makes 'taters' taste bad when they ain't got none of it on 'em." And tact is that which makes the whole task turn bad when the task has none of it in it.

Perhaps an illustration of the lack of it may assist in an appreciation of its necessity. A school teacher of Philadelphia, desiring to get from her first-grade pupils a definition of "orphan," put the question in various ways as easily to suggest the answer, but without getting it, and at last in desperation, and in some impatience, said "Well, children, I am an orphan, now what is an orphan?" And quick as a flash a boy's hand went up and this answer came "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't." It is needless to say that the teaching of a day was lost before that one untactful question.

How many teachers in our schools find tact

more eloquent far than multiplied speed. How to draw the boy out without his blurting out some answer that brings quick damage to the lesson is the study of her life. With all thy getting get tact. There is no walk in life, no business, no profession, no vocation that is not crippled by the lack of it or helped and hurried along the track of human success, seventy miles an hour, by its possession.

A *Detroit-Free-Press* reporter tells his story: "Somewhere in the South a bright but unqualified young negro appeared before the civil service commission to be examined for the position of letter-carrier. 'How far is it from the earth to the moon' was the first question asked by one of those whose duty it was to determine the fitness of the young man for the place he sought. 'How far am it from de earf to de moon?' echoed the applicant. 'Good gracious boss, if youse gwine to put me on dat route I don't want de job,' and grabbing his hat he left as if he were chased." But the tactfulness of that first question squelched the ambition of the unqualified applicant far better than would have done an eloquent refusal of the position. Tact is a silent faculty, but tact is an eloquent force.

Be cheerful. A merry heart not only doeth good like medicine, but is itself better than medicine. There are enough grumblers in the world to last to the end of time, even if another never

should be born; because grumblers live to an old age, and are usually vigorous till the day of death.

There was an old man in a church in New Jersey who was so ugly of temper that he wouldn't even go to heaven when he had the chance. He was the thorn in the side of every minister who had ever preached in that place. If a new project was proposed he was always sure to oppose it. The new minister finally hit upon a plan that seemed to work for a time. He would see the other officers of the church, tell them his idea, indicate the time he expected to propose it, and then would say: "Now brethren, I want all of you to speak against the plan, the cranky brother will be sure to oppose you, then we can all agree with him, and thus secure the thing we wish to accomplish." This worked well at first, and then failed, for the old man got into the habit of talking on both sides of the question, and each time opposing the other side. At last in desperation they determined to hold a prayer meeting and pray for his conversion. The pastor led in prayer: "O Lord Thou knowest that we have been patient and kind with our brother, and have tried to carry on Thy work against his constant opposition. Forgive him for his ugly disposition, and give him a new heart. Help him to be a cheerful assistance to Thy work here, and not a grumbling barrier. O Lord

convert him, and give us peace, or else, O Lord, take him to heaven." He had gotten about that far in the prayer, when the cranky old brother arose in his seat and cried out: "I won't go."

It is a wonderful thing to engage in love's sweet labor for other people. Other people and you constitute about all the people there are on this globe. What a sad old world this would be to you if there were no other people. Happy is he who finds happiness in making other people happy.

Hawthorne, in his "Mosses from an Old Manse," tells about a new Adam and Eve who came to the earth after a day of doom had struck it. He pictures their coming to Boston. All about them are signs of death and disaster. All the evidences of an advanced civilization can be seen but there are no people. Nobody is there to greet them, and they walk disconsolate and sad amid the ruins of a depopulated city. They go into a department store, and the woman—because she is the woman—winds about herself a roll of silk, and admires herself in a life-size mirror. But there are no clerks and no proprietors with whom she can do business, and though the silk is hers for the taking she does not take it. What would be the use for any woman to array herself in new silks—if there are no other women to see her. They go down past the jail, but behind those mysterious bars there are no faces of

incarcerated men. Prisoners and sheriffs alike have been swept into eternity in the day of doom that has smitten the world. They enter the courthouse, and Adam because he is Adam, takes his place upon the judge's bench and raps for order in the invisible audience, and thus they play at holding court, but know not the meaning of their actions. They walk past the old South Church, and the clock in the old steeple last wound by the hand of the old sexton, before he is swept with all the rest of humanity into eternity, is striking out loud hours of emptiness. They wander into a beautiful home on Beacon Street, and gaze at a cherub cut in stone, and seated on a pedestal. And strange quiverings of motherhood stir in the breast of the woman, and she wonders what those emotions mean. At last they come to a cemetery, but it too has felt the smiting breath of doom that has fallen, and amid the upthrown monuments and broken mausolea they lie down at eventide, the woman saying to the man: "Well Adam, we came together anyhow." I can think of nothing more pathetic that Hawthorne could have presented unless he had pictured Adam coming alone. That would have been worse—that would have been worse. But there were two of them, and there was the possibility of a reconstructed civilization.

If Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a boy at the other make a college we may be sure

of this—that Mark Hopkins doesn't make a college; a boy doesn't make a college; a log doesn't make a college, but Mark Hopkins and a boy and a place of meeting make a college. Wouldn't the world be a desert world—if there were no boys in it.

Adam Smith taught that it is right and righteous to buy goods in the cheapest market and sell them in the highest, but Ruskin has improved on this philosophy. He taught that it is neither the duty nor the privilege of a man to make all the money he can. It is our duty to invest our labors where they bring largest returns to our fellowman.

A brilliant young lawyer in an Eastern city, where I once lived, shouldered his gun and went to the Philippines at the time of the Hispano-American war, and stood ready as one of Uncle Sam's soldiers to give his life, if need be, in service for others—to defend the rights of little Cuba against Spain. His salary was $30.00 per month. As a lawyer at home he would exceed this in bare salary many times over. In that same brief war many clerks left their desks where they were making a hundred dollars a month and went to work for their country at thirty, believing that to invest their labor in their country's cause was of supremer value than an investment of labor for pecuniary advantage.

There are young school teachers in Los An-

geles right now who could make more money as book agents than they can make teaching. But which of them knows the potential Abraham Lincoln or Theodore Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson or Herbert Hoover that stands up in her classroom every day? And to have share in the shaping of the character of one such man is worth more than a Rockefeller's fortune.

Wellington, riding one day past the old school, which as a boy he had attended, said to a friend: "It was there the battle of Waterloo was fought and won." So it may be that in the schools of Los Angeles, embryonic statesmen, warriors, preachers, philanthropists, educators are being drilled to take a mighty hand in the development of the world in the decades that are just ahead.

A touching story is told of Professor Herkomer. His aged father, who lived with him in his fine home at Bushney, used to model clay in his early life. Toward the close of his life he took to it again, but his fear was that his hands would lose their skill, and his work would show the marks of imperfection. It was his one horror and sorrow. At night, he would go to his early rest, and when he had gone, his talented son would enter the studio, take up his father's feeble attempts, and make the work as beautiful as art could make it. When the old man came down in the morning, he would take the work and

look at it, and rub his hands and say: "Ha, I can do as well as ever I did!"

May we not believe that if we do our very best in daily diligence and fidelity in the midst of our incomparable work, that the hands of divine love will thus make over our feeble efforts till they shall bear the light of day, and be perfect to all eternity.

X
IF I WERE A JEW

What advantage then hath the Jew?

—ROMANS 3:1.

X

IF I WERE A JEW

If I were a Jew I should be proud of it. A people that can boast among scholars a Spinoza, among statesmen a Disraeli, among socialists a Marx, among authors a Zangwill, among bankers a Rothschild, among jurists a Marshall, among leaders a Moses, among musicians a Mendelssohn, among poets a David, among prophets an Isaiah, among apostles a Paul, among saviours my Saviour, need not be reticent about its history or ashamed of its influence.

Ex-president Coolidge in a New Year's message to the Jews of America, a year or two ago, referred to the "splendid estate of leadership, spirituality and service" which the Jews have given to the world for the "common advantage." And Coolidge's statement secures additional emphasis from a vote taken, not long long ago, by the *New York Jewish Tribune* to discover the twelve outstanding Jews of the world.

Of the twelve men elected by the popular poll there was one from France, one from Germany, one from Austria, one from Denmark, one from

Russia, three from England, and four from the United States. Here was the list: Henri Bergson, Albert Einstein, Arthur Schnitzler, George Brandes, Chaim N. Bialik, Lord Reading, Chaim Weizmann, Israel Zangwill, Louis Brandeis, Louis Marshall, Nathan Straus and Stephen S. Wise. Among them there was a physicist, a chemist, a man of letters, a lawyer, a Supreme Court Justice, a Viceroy, a critic, a philanthropist, a poet, a philosopher, a playwright, a rabbi.

It would seem as if there was a big advantage for the Jew among the big men of the world. But despite all this Paul raises the question: "What advantage hath the Jew?" And then proceeds to answer it with customary acumen and vehement eloquence. Of course at the time Paul asked this challenging question he had no physicists, or poets, or philanthropists, or bankers, or chemists, or lawyers, or judges to brag about, as we have to-day.

The Jewish advantage may be seen in five things. If I were a Jew I should be proud of my distinguishing peculiarity. This is not a biological peculiarity, for as Lewis Browne has shown in January's (1929) *American,* in his illuminating article on "Why Are the Jews Like That," the blood of the Jews is not pure blood. In Abyssinia there are Negro Jews as black as the real negroes among whom they live; in Spain,

Spanish Jews; in Russia, Slavic Jews; in China, yellow-skinned and almond-eyed Jews; in India, brown-skinned Jews. Two things set forth the Jewish peculiarity—sensitiveness and aggressiveness. The Jew is aggressive, and acquisitive. Drop him down in the middle of a block and presently he will own the whole block. And he is sensitive. He resents and justly so, racial discriminations that offend him and embarrass his family. However, if I were a Jew, and a fellow-Jew were criticized, I should not spring to his defense merely because he is a Jew, but because he is right—if he is right.

If I were a Jew I should be proud of the tenacity of my nationality. I should remind myself that I had been driven from pastoral and agricultural pursuits into commercial pursuits for the reason that no nation has permitted me to settle on its soil with certain permanency. But despite universal discrimination and universal persecution I have persisted a Jew. My people were "the people of the restless feet"—but it was the restlessness of driven necessity. Expelled from England in 1290, from France in 1391, from Spain in 1492—in the very year in which Columbus sailed for a new continent where liberty and religion were to become foundation stones of a nation's life—and at different times from Russia and Germany and Switzerland and Italy, I am still here and I am still a Jew. My

people have found in Babylon their desert, in England their judgment hall, in Russia their Via Dolorosa, in Germany their Gethsemane, in Spain their Golgotha. Foxes have had holes; birds of the air, nests; but the Jew, like the Son of Man, has not had where to lay his head, and call it his own abiding place.

If I were a Jew I should be proud of the sanctity of my domesticity. Three things have contributed to the preservation of the Jewish family: monogamous marriage, respect for authority, and reverence for religion. Always the Jew has been a family man: large lands, large flocks, large families were to him, in patriarchal days, marks of the divine favor.

When the American home goes, the American nation will be tossed upon the scrapheap of the forgotten nations of antiquity. May the younger Jews not imitate the Gentile example in the reckless looseness with which our marriage ties seem to hold in these modern times.

In the United States divorce may now be granted for fifty-two causes. And we are at the head of the list among nations in the number of divorces granted, and in the number of causes. In France there is one divorce for every seventeen marriages; in the United States one in seven. In a recent year in Denver there were 3,000 marriages and 1,500 divorces; in Kansas City, 4,821 marriages and 2,400 divorces; in Cleveland,

10,000 marriages and 5,256 divorces; in Los Angeles, 16,605 marriages and 7,882 divorces. In Los Angeles in a single day one judge divorced thirty-two couples.

The transformation from orange blossoms to lemons becomes complete in divorce, and this is now for America, and the world, one of the gravest problems. In a recent issue of *Harpers* there is a story of an anonymous woman writer who admitted that she had two step-mothers, and was herself the step-mother of two step-children, all brought about through marital infidelity and divorce. And this is symptomatic of conditions obtaining the whole world over.

In Russia marriage is no more than a temporary registration indistinguishable from free love. In Great Britain Parliament by forbidding publicity of divorce proceedings in the Press has greatly stimulated proceedings in the divorce courts. In France courts act quickly, and without publicity. Two hundred American divorce cases passed through French courts in a single recent year. Somewhere in Paris this sign hangs out: "Divorces in two weeks. Strictly confidential. Co-respondent's name need appear only with initials." In Norway two people may obtain a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility after one year of voluntary separation. Three months is the quickest time in which a divorce may be granted in the United States, but Mexico can do

it in less time, with less red tape, for less money. In that one State in the United States where divorces may be granted in three months—Nevada—there were in a recent year 1079 marriages and 1037 divorces.

Let the Jew congratulate himself that he has not made as great a contribution to marital unrest and muddled domesticity, as has his Gentile brother. The Jew is the better family man. Not often does a Jewish rabbi say what one did say recently in a great Eastern City about "Companionate marriage." This is what he said: "In its concept of marriage Bolshevik Russia is more advanced than we. There childless couples are free to separate at will." "The same thing," he said, "is going on here, but we haven't the courage and candor to acknowledge it by legislation. Both marriage and divorce are being bootlegged." And then the distinguished rabbi, offers companionate marriage as the solution, not realizing that companionate marriage is just another expression for legalized promiscuity. And he ends by saying, "It is practiced everywhere anyhow, so it is time that religion as well as the state sanctioned it."

Let the eminent rabbi speak for himself; he is not qualified to speak on this matter in the name of religion. A rabbi, of all men, with his background of the Jewish conception of the sanctity of the married state should be the last man

on earth to contribute to the increasing looseness of the morals of society.

If I were a Jew I should be proud of the liberality of my philanthropy. The Jews have ever been coöperators in neighborliness. Neighborliness is not a matter of latitude but of attitude. Neighborliness is coextensive with humanity. It is bounded on the north by human necessity, on the south by human sympathy, on the east by human opportunity, on the west by human practice. God is no respecter of persons. We are not a mob; we are a human family. Five of the ten commandments are prohibitions against unneighborliness.

In municipal and community life the Jews have always been active in civic affairs, in education, in culture and in the economic betterment of the people. In humanitarian projects, in the building of hospitals, in the support of eleemosynary institutions, in the filling of community chests, the Jews of our cities have responded with liberality.

Arthur Brisbane says: "Every other successful name in a great city is a Jewish name," and Clark Howell of the *Atlantic Constitution* said: "The Jewish people as a whole are among the most patriotic, most charitable and most constructive of any group in the business and national life of the nation."

If I were a Jew I should be proud of my con-

tribution to Christianity. The Bible is my gift to the world, and that was a great gift indeed. I should remind myself that in a reccent eight years nine million copies of a book by a popular author were sold, but that in that same eight-year period two hundred forty million copies of the Bible were sold. It is still the best seller among books. But while I was reminding myself that the Bible, which for the most part is a Jewish book, is my gift to Christianity, I should also remind myself that "if the Jews created the Bible, the Bible created the Jews." Says Joseph Jacobs in his suggestive book on "Jewish Contribution to Civilization:" "Without the Bible and Bible religion, Europeans would so far as we know, be worshipping the gods, probably by animal sacrifice."

Woodrow Wilson, admired and loved by Gentiles and Jews alike, has also said: "The laws of Moses as well as the laws of Rome contributed suggestion and impulse to the new institutions which were to prepare the modern world; and, if we could but have the eyes to see the subtle elements of thought which constitute the gross substance of our present habit, both as regards the sphere of private life, and as regards the actions of the state, we should easily discover how very much besides religion we owe to the Jews."

If I were a Jew I should remind myself that I contributed the doctrine of monotheism to the

theological thinking of the world, that in my Jewish Bible the thought of the kingdom of heaven is outlined, and that doctrines like sin and repentance and sanctification and faith and atonement are therein set forth.

If I were a Jew I should be proudest of my greatest contribution—Christianity's founder, Jesus Christ. He, too, was the Jew of the restless feet. Constantly he felt constrained to go to the people of the other side. I should make it my business to study his life, his death, his character, his influence.

Jewish advantage does not consist in Jewish blood, or intellectual or domestic or commercial superiority, or in Jewish ceremonialism. "For he is not a Jew who is one outwardly but he is a Jew who is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God."

The Jew hearing these words for the first time could scarcely believe his own ears. He could survey with complacency the picture the great apostle drew of the Gentile dog. As Paul outlined the heathen idolatry, immorality, and sensuality in picturesque and burning words, the Jew with satisfaction and self-complacency, looked upon the corrupt mass and thanked God that he was not like his heathen neighbor. But suddenly like a thunder peal from an unclouded sky the apostle startles him from his self-com-

placency with one flashing sentence: "Therefore thou art inexcusable O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

Jewish and Gentile practice come very close together. Listen to the condemnation and corruption of the Gentile: "Being filled with all unrighteousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, who, knowing the judgment of God that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same but have pleasure in them that do them."

And the Jew, hearing these strong and sturdy words of condemnation of his enemy, would gather his robes of self-righteousness about him, put his finger on his olfactory nerve, and order his servant to let in a bit of fresh air. But at that moment come the words: "Therefore thou art inexcusable O man, whosoever thou art that judgest * * * for thou that judgest doest the same things." For a moment, the Jew wonders whether he has heard aright, but Paul does not leave him long in doubt. In four principles of judgment—judgment according to truth, judgment according to deeds, judgment without re-

spect to persons, and judgment according to the gospel Paul preached—he gives the full picture of the judging Jew, and finds him guilty of the very same sins of which he had found the Gentile guilty—idolatry, immorality, sensuality.

If the Gentile could not plead ignorance as an excuse for his sin, much less could the Jew plead lack of knowledge in his case. Indeed, the Jew claimed privilege and preëminence above all other men in at least five particulars—he rested in the law, he boasted in God, he knew God's will, he could distinguish things that differ (his moral discrimination was finely cultivated) and he was instructed out of the law.

The Gentile was behind the Jew—he walked in darkness; he was a foolish babe. The Jew considered himself toward the Gentile a guide, a light, an instructor, a teacher. Out of his own mouth this superior Jew is condemned. With an interrogation that makes possible but one answer Paul asks: "Thou therefore that teachest another, dost thou not teach thyself? Thou that sayest a man should not steal, dost thou rob temples? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?"

The inward mark of Jewish advantage is removed by Jewish sin, and the outward mark of acceptance with God, namely circumcision, is swept away when it is once discovered that circumcision is of the heart.

This was a body-blow to Jewish superiority. Abraham had submitted to the rite of circumcision when he was ninety-nine years old. It was established for his descendants through him by the words of Jehovah. To omit it meant domestic ostracism and national disgrace. It was instituted by Abraham; formally enacted as a legal requirement by Moses; commended by the example and word of Christ; insisted upon in the case of Gentiles proselyting to Judaism; submitted to by Timothy at the express suggestion of Paul; and held by every faithful Jew as essential to favorable standing with God. And in one sharp sentence the great apostle seems to annul the religious and spiritual advantage of this important rite.

To the Jew circumcision was an atonement; he rested in it as in some magic rite. To Paul it was a seal and spur to spiritual superiority. Circumcision is of the heart.

The Jew needed to learn, as the Christian must also learn, the proper estimate of externals in worship. Externals in worship are commended and commanded by Christ, but they must be kept in their proper place. Righteousness without rites is more acceptable to God than rites without righteousness. No rite can make a man right.

Take the question of penance. Penance is an external. Penance is not repentance. Penance is

the attempt to square the account by the payment of equivalents; repentance is the acknowledgment that nothing can make us right except forgiveness. Penance attempts to placate justice by offering material values; repentance confesses spiritual bankruptcy, and throws itself upon the mercy of the Court. Penance demands the giving up of substance; repentance requires the giving up of self. Penance is planning ahead to soften punishment; repentance is thinking back to God. Penance seeks to bribe God into a new opinion concerning past behavior; repentance is a change of mind accompanied by a change of conduct.

Take the matter of baptism. Immersion is not baptism. If it were, then every boy who dives overboard in the summer time is baptized, for he is immersed. But immersion, accompanied by faith and preceded by an acceptance of the sacrifice of Christ,—this makes Christian baptism. Baptism never gets anything done. It is a symbol of something beautiful and wonderful that has already been done in the human soul. Baptism, like circumcision is of the heart.

Outward profession never makes a Christian, even as a ceremonial never makes a Jew. Externals have their proper place in worship, and take it, when the worshiper understands their proper significance. Outward marks of acceptance with God are convincing, only when accompanied by inward marks of spiritual superiority.

Externals degenerate into idolatry whenever they become substitutes for vital life. And idolatry is speedily followed by immorality. Idolatry, sensuality, every kind of immorality—these are the descending steps of the soul that worships only through externals. Let us cultivate correspondence and coöperation between the externals and internals of worship until all the forms of worship shall become filled with the light and life and love of God.

There was an advantage in being a Jew. There could be no mistake about that. Chiefly because to the Jew were committed the oracles of God. To him, also, pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises, and the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever.

And the advantage turned to disadvantage, for some disbelieved. This made God a liar, but still God is faithful. Some men make God a liar now, for it seems that God's promises fail; but the time is coming when every man who disbelieves will be the acknowledged liar, and God will be vindicated, for his promises cannot ultimately fail. And along with the disadvantage of disbelief went a warped view of the righteousness of God, and a weak view of the discrimi-

nation of God. But God is still able to judge the world, and it is not as though the word of God is of none effect. They are not all Israel, which are of Israel.

Paul does not dodge the issue. He plainly declares that Jewish sin has caused the Jewish failure. But he knows, and declares the remedy. If Abraham was justified before he was circumcised, the Jew may be afterwards. Abraham believed God; we must all so believe, and the result in either case will be the same—justification by faith from sin. Notice, please, it is justification from SIN. There is a difference between sin and sins. Sin is generic; sins are specific. Sin is in character; sins are in conduct. Sin is the center; sins are the circumference. Sin is the root; sins are the fruit. Sin is the fountain; sins are its flow. Sin is the sire; sins are sons. Sin is the nature; sins are the nature's manifestation. Sin is the fact; sins are the act, and our justification is a justification from the fact of sin.

There are only two things in the world of which there is more than enough—sin and grace. And there is more of grace than of sin, for where sin abounded grace super-abounded. The closing words of the fourth chapter of Romans set forth a comprehensive view of the gospel—"Who was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification." Our offenses—our justification! He was raised for our justifi-

cation, and like prisoners, released from cells by the same authority that lodged them there, so we go forth from the prison house of sin to life and liberty and peace. In the Record Book of God there is nothing against us. We are no longer sinners and debtors; we are accounted righteous, reckoned, regarded, recorded as if we never had sinned. The pen of divine justice has dipped itself in the red flow from the Saviour's side and written "Paid" on the brow of sinners. We are justified, and God is satisfied. By faith we have access into this grace wherein we stand and rejoice.

Abraham was justified, not as a consequence of his own inherent goodness, or as a reward for good deeds, or even as an answer to prayer. He was justified by faith. And the faith of Abraham was narrowed to a single item. It was specific faith. It was not faith in God's existence; or faith in God's omnipotence; or faith in God's goodness; or faith in God's providence. It was faith in God's word. God made Abraham a promise that was against reason, and Abraham believed the promise on account of his belief in God.

This was the gospel Paul preached to Jew and Gentile, and this is the gospel for to-day. The gospel was the dynamite of God unto salvation, and Paul was not ashamed of it. He was

always brave to declare the whole counsel of God. He was stoned at Lystra, ignored at Corinth, mobbed at Ephesus, doubted at Jerusalem, but he is not ashamed at Rome.

He is neither afraid of danger, nor ashamed of disgrace. Many a man who can face the shells of enemies in time of war, lacks the moral courage to face the laugh of comrades in time of peace. And it required courage of a high order in those days to stand up for the truth. It required physical courage. Men were ready to inflict violence on any one who dared defend the name of Jesus. It required intellectual courage, for the philosophers and lawyers of that day were ready with sophistical arguments to overthrow the plain statement of the gospel. It required moral courage to preach the truth that a despised and crucified Nazarene was the Messiah of the Jews and the Saviour of the world. But Paul is not ashamed.

He might have been ashamed when he thought of Christ, when he thought of himself, when he thought of Rome. Christ was a Jew with obscure parentage, obscure disciples, and He died an ignominious death. Paul was a rabbi, a scholar and a Roman. As a rabbi, confessing Christ was the confession of the inadequacy of Judaism to fit and fill the need of the human heart. As a scholar he would have to abandon the fascinations of philosophy and the eloquency of poetry.

As a Roman he must waive all political aspirations and opportunities.

To the Roman, religion was a philosophy. He had no place for religion as life. In habit Rome was immoral and corrupt, and did not wish to be disturbed. It prided itself on its power. Paul, "writing to Corinth a city of worldly wisdom, says the gospel is the wisdom of God, and writing to Rome, a city of worldly power, he says the gospel is the power of God." But he declares it is that to the Jew first.

The gospel is the record of a fact, the revelation of a Person, and the recognition of a Presence. No one need be ashamed of the gospel when he thinks of its power over men in all the common and uncommon walks of life. When scientists like Newton and Faraday and Herschel, and poets like Tennyson and Browning and Whittier, and psychologists like Hyslop and Hickok and James, and statesmen like Gladstone and Lincoln and Roosevelt and Wilson and Coolidge and Hoover, and soldiers like Washington and Gordon and Foch, and business men like William Colgate and John Wanamaker and John D. Rockefeller incarnate the spirit and acknowledge the sway of Christ in their lives, men of meaner intellectual and moral proportions should be slow to confess their shame at service in His name.

No one need be ashamed of the gospel as a restraint upon society. If the gospel is nothing more than a boatman bailing out the inundating waters and saving whole communities from utter immorality; if the gospel is only a policeman upon the beat of civilization keeping back the damned up passions of men; if the gospel flings a zone of safety about our wives and daughters so that they may walk the streets at nine o'clock at night without molestation; if the gospel does nothing but furnish a handful or two of salt to save society from moral putrefaction, it at least does that, and we ought to be brave enough, Jew and Gentile, to embrace it and support it.

But the gospel is more than a restraint. It is positive power and ethical efficacy in our own lives. Many schemes have been advanced for the redemption of a ruined humanity, but most of them prove inadequate. By socialism, by reformation, by the Golden Rule, by economic adjustment men have sought to save society, but society still needs saving, and society will always need saving so long as there is an individual in society who is lost. The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost. There is no other Saviour, and there is no salvation in any other name.

Let me say it over again in quick review and repetition. If I were a Jew I should be proud of it—proud of five things as a Jew—of my dis-

tinguishing peculiarity, of the tenacity of my nationality, of the sanctity of my domesticity, of the liberality of my philanthropy, and of my contribution to Christianity. But, having said that, may I add in all earnestness and sympathy and humility and fraternity that if I were a Jew I should be a Christian.